BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 29.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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THE VOICE OF THE MUSIC HALLS.

THE ARTISTE'S OWN PAPER.

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THAN FICTION . .

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AS THEY ARE . .

By reading

The PERFORMER

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Vol. IV. No. 84. Saturday, January 11th, 1908. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Master Masterman, M.P., has been telling the world—or, at any rate, that select portion of it which reads the *Nineteenth Century—and After*—what he thinks of the position of political parties. Master Masterman, you know, is a young man who knows things. Beneath a perennial smirk—a smile which really *won't* come off—the student of physiognomy can discern evidences of a deep intellectuality, however much they may be concealed from the eye of the unscientific and the casual. The conclusions at which he has arrived, although artistically disguised in sixteen pages of print, are capable of being summarised in a few sentences. The Government is over-cautious—always playing for safety; the official Opposition has gone, irretrievably, to pot; the Labour Party has, at last, arrived, and has only to ally itself with the Irish wing in order to "provide a political situation rich with unknown possibility of change." Somehow or other we seem to have heard it all before. Yet it is given the place of honour in the *Nineteenth Century—and After*. Surely a long way after!

Perhaps, however, it is Master Masterman's way of saying it that constitutes the merit of the article. He certainly has a way with him—like Father O'Flynn had—and as regards the members of the Government, we should not be surprised if "all the ould sinners wanted to pray with him." For he tells them that up to the present they have "failed to excite any large and kindling devotion in the country." They "make unexpected blunders and attain unexpected recoveries," and although no one "desires their destruction, no one would greatly regret their departure." Indeed, they are simply "a company of plain, common-sense, sober, efficient persons, set on the maintenance of present conditions, with some willingness to accept lesser schemes of reform." We are afraid our young friend generalises too much. He is, of course, entitled in dealing with the Ministry in its collective, concrete form, to judge it by its official acts; but inasmuch as his article purports to be an analysis of present symptoms, and a forecast of their development (it is headed "Politics in Transition"), it might, surely, have been worth while to enquire *why* a Cabinet which comprises such political firebrands as John Burns, Lloyd-George, and Augustine Birrell should deserve the title of a "Government of the Great Cautious?" Such an enquiry would probably have suggested the possibility of a reconstruction of the Cabinet, with a complete shedding of the Whig members and a possible absorption of a large "Labour" element—thereby postponing for another generation or so the "Social Revolution."

That the old Tory Party is dead and done for is, of course, beyond dispute. With Mr. Balfour's personality taken from it, the official Opposition would fizzle out in a week. He is the last of the Mohicans! But there always will be an Opposition of some sort. In other words, there will always be the Outs as well as the Ins—and when Master Masterman grows up he will find that all parliamentary "transition" is but the outward and visible sign of that eternal molecular action and reaction which is the rule of life, in its highest form of development right down to party political protoplasm.

There can never be three parties. The new Labour section is simply an exuberance of democratic force. In due course it will become absorbed. Hence, Master Masterman need not distress himself about it; and certainly he need not insult it. To say that "the Labour Party has no programme" is untrue; to say that it "has no claim to represent intellect or political sagacity" is offensive. We are open to match half a dozen of the Labour men against half a dozen, to be selected by us, from the Treasury Bench, for both intellect and political sagacity. As we have said before, it isn't wise to generalise. There are duffers in all parties, and whilst scholastic culture is a fascinating adjunct to political sagacity, it is not a *sine quâ non* in its constitution. Nor is it by any means synonymous with intellect or even intelligence. Look at Master Masterman himself. He undoubtedly possesses both political sagacity and a high order of intellect, yet in his article he uses a verb in the singular when his subject is in the plural, and deranges his adverbs while floundering in a sea of syntaxical inexactitude.

Should a Member of Parliament who suddenly finds himself out of agreement with his Party resign his

seat? This is a question suggested by the positions of Major Renton, M.P., Mr. Bellairs, M.P., and Mr. Kincaid-Smith, M.P.—all three, singularly enough, Service Members, as they are called. The question is a difficult one to answer. It all depends upon, first, the degree of independence claimed by the Member before he was elected, and, secondly, the extent of the breach between himself and his Party. So far as Major Renton is concerned, he appears to have thrown the Liberals over altogether, whilst Mr. Bellairs and Mr. Kincaid-Smith have "gone wrong" upon Naval Policy and Tariff Reform respectively. Our own view is that any Member who is elected upon strict Party lines should give his constituents the opportunity of reviewing his action whenever he feels it incumbent on him to break with his Party upon any question of first-class importance. Men who are not prepared to do this should take care, before their election, to reserve to themselves the fullest freedom of action—although in that case, perhaps, very few of them would get in. There are not many South Hackneys amongst the English constituencies.

We don't believe in Blasphemy—and we don't believe in Blasphemy prosecutions. The proceedings against Mr. Harry Boulter, of Highbury, are a mistake. After all, Blasphemy is a question of Taste. To our way of thinking, there is more of it done in the name of Religion than in that of Infidelity. We give an example, on another page, from a Salvation Army officer at Seacombe, and we have given examples before. Blasphemy is also a question of Temperament. What impresses some people as very sacred and solemn simply appeals to the risible instincts of others. But it is a dangerous thing to make the ethics of Taste the subject of a penal code. When the present Government came into power, did not Mr. Burns declare that he is opposed to "every form of hereditary authority"? But nobody thought of prosecuting the Minister of the Crown for High Treason. And so we suggest that the prosecution of Mr. Boulter should be dropped. If, however, it is to be proceeded with, then what about Mr. Gumbleton of Seacombe?

Next week we will quote from one of General Booth's own epistles—purporting to have been sent from Heaven, and published in the *War Cry* some years ago. Meantime, we observe that at a "Great Anniversary Effort in Sheffield," in connection with the local Wesleyan Mission, Mr. C. T. Studd, "the famous Cambridge and Middlesex cricketer of another generation, who left the cricket-field in 1884 to do strenuous missionary work in China," told his audience that "what they wanted was Jesus Christ, hot and strong." He also confided the fact that he was to have been invited down to the University, but they wouldn't have him because "he had called Jesus Christ a horse"—having advised his hearers to "put their money on the right horse, and He is the right one." No, it is not necessary to go to a Highbury street-corner orator for Blasphemy.

We have been thinking a good deal about the question of feeding the hungry school-children, and we have been weighing well the arguments of our robust contemporary, the *Referee*, in favour of charitable effort as against State aid. It is, of course, only natural that a journal which, to its eternal credit, has been the principal pioneer in the cause of the underfed young, should be prejudiced in favour of its own methods. But whilst giving full weight to its authority, we cannot help feeling that its whole case is based upon a fundamental fallacy as regards the children in compulsory attendance at our elementary schools. Such children are the guests of the State—"commanded" to attend, irrespective of any home or other engagements. In many cases, both the children and their parents are put to the greatest inconvenience, and to actual financial loss, by the obligation to obey the command. But obedience is imperative—the State demands it. Surely, in these circumstances, the parent has the right to say "Very well, then; take my child—educate it, do whatever you consider necessary in the general interest of the country to it, but look after it whilst it is in your care." Charity, in its proper place, is one of the most beautiful things in the world—always assuming it to be acceptable to the recipient. But there are people, even amongst the poor—and Mr. Sims will be the first to admit it—who object to Charity in any and every form, and who accept it reluctantly only under stress of direst pressure. We are not Socialists, except in the sense that we think that every service, every sacrifice, demanded of the Individual by the State implies some corresponding obligation towards the Individual. And thus, in our view, the obligation of a child to attend the State school involves the obligation on the part of the State to see that the child is in a fit physical condition to receive and benefit by the instruction.

We so often award biscuits to our noble *confrère*, Lord Northcliffe, that it is a pleasure to us to be able to congratulate him upon the complete measure of independence—and imagination—which he apparently allows the editors of his various newspapers. For instance, we find the *Evening News* recently announcing that there are 4,000 "Smiths" in the London Directory, and that their names and addresses occupy thirty-nine columns of that cumbrous tome. The *Daily Mail*, on the other hand, just about halves the number by putting it at 2,200, and reduces the columns to twenty-two. It only now remains for the editor of the *Evening News* to bring an action for libel against the editor of the *Daily Mail* for representing him as a journalistic prevaricator of the truth.

A reader sends us a cutting from one of the "religious" papers, containing various "requests for prayer." Amongst them we find that "in all seasonable gatherings at which the poor are entertained, the Gospel may be clearly proclaimed." We should, ourselves, have preferred a prayer to the effect that in all seasonable gatherings at which the Gospel was to be clearly proclaimed, a good supply of roast beef and Christmas pudding should also be provided.

Apropos of Miss Pankhurst's recent valour in picking up some of the apparently very tame mice which were thrown on her platform and handing them to the reporters, a correspondent tells us that in days gone by he was present in the old Hall of Science when Miss Bradlaugh took several in her hand and killed them in sight of the audience. We do not remember the incident.

From a purely House of Commons point of view, the imprisonment of Mr. Ginnell will have its advantages. It will relieve us of the most prolific questioner of his party. Perhaps "Jerry" McVeagh will now take up the running again. At the "Supplemental," he is *facile princeps*.

We are always delighted to hear of Christmas and other entertainments for the poor kiddies—especially when they take the form of something warm for their little stomachs. We appreciate, therefore, the motives which prompted Mr. Edgar L. Franklin, of the Lambeth Borough Council, and Mr. J. E. Wood, to give a substantial tea the other day to twelve hundred poor children. There were, however, features about the entertainment which tend somewhat to mar its beauty. We do not refer to the prayer and hymn with which it was doubtless opened, for, of course, it is always desirable that the poor and hungry should be reminded as often as possible that they are going to have a real good time after they are dead—provided

they are good now and don't complain of their lot. But we do protest against such a ludicrous proceeding as keeping the youngsters waiting for their tea in order to authorise the dispatch of a telegram to the King, assuring him of their unswerving allegiance to the House of Brunswick—or, as the telegram put it, of their "humble devotion and loyalty to his Majesty and his House." Consequently we have felt impelled to award one of our world-renowned Biscuits to the Lambeth Loyalist; whilst, if there were any little embryo republican present at the feast, we are glad to know that he swallowed his scruples and took the bun.

It is with poignant regret that we hear of Mr. Algernon Ashton's resolution to tear himself away from the correspondence columns of the Press for evermore. Mr. Algernon Ashton has retired before, but this time his resolution is firmly fixed, and it only remains for us to "talk," as Shakespeare, or Bacon, would say, "of graves, and worms, and epitaphs, make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes write sorrow on the bosom of the earth." We are not sure at the moment whether these were the exact words, but as Mr. Algernon Ashton has retired as aforesaid from his job as "Corrector of the Press," it seems hardly worth while to verify the quotation. On the whole, we fear that editors have not treated him well, or rejoiced in him greatly. None loveth the chastening hand. Even editors don't like everybody to know that they don't know everything. However, Mr. Algernon Ashton has made himself a name. He has come to fame of sorts, and one of these days—far off, we hope—the editors will no doubt present him with as nice a tombstone as any reasonable person could wish for.

From the Leeds Watch Committee the decree has gone forth that nobody is to stand in music-halls and theatres when all the seats are occupied. With advantage the London County Council might take a leaf out of the book of Leeds and enforce some of their own regulations. It is notorious that these regulations, particularly as to overcrowding, are often scouted by theatre and music-hall managers. In many places the early door system fills up the available seating accommodation, and people who pay the ordinary price at the ordinary time of opening are shunted into corridors, left to find seats on steps, or to prop themselves up against walls. Some managers are gross offenders in this way. Apart from the fact that the public paying the ordinary prices are practically swindled, standing seats in the gangways and corridors are a grave danger in case of panic. What are the inspectors doing?

During the last two years not less than £10,500,000 has been left in trust for charitable and religious uses under wills reported in the newspapers. If the wills not so reported are taken into consideration the amount is probably not less than £12,000,000. This, as somebody said of somebody else's charity, is probably the greatest fire insurance premium on record. People who leave large deathbed sums to charities do not necessarily go to heaven; but as the wee meenister assured Jamie in the old Scotch story, "it's weel worth tryin'." It is human nature for men to refrain from parting with their gold till they have no further use for it. Most of them would take it with them if they could—even if it *did* melt. But taking things as they are, isn't it worth while to consider the possibility of establishing a new public department for the reception and administration of charitable bequests? We must think the matter over.

Few people will envy the thoughts of Mr. Bob Caldwell now that he has learned the result of the opening of the grave. Arriving in America with a warrant out against him, he promptly became ill; he has been ill all the time he has been on bail; and if he doesn't continue ill—"looking out across the waters," as one Yankee reporter puts it—he won't be half as inventive as we take him to be. Meanwhile, although the whole ridiculous and trumped-up story about the bogus funeral and the buried lead is exploded in its own atmosphere of lies, the Druce people are, of course, saying that the discovery of the body in the coffin really makes not the slightest difference, and that the enterprising George Hollamby Druce will proceed with his claim as merrily as ever. Apparently, however, this depends on how much more money he can get out of working men and servant girls. Off hand, we should say revenue from that source is about exhausted. If so, all that remains for the directors to do is to try the lunatic asylums.

Upwards of nineteen hundred years ago certain things happened in a region of Palestine. Many years after these events occurred, men who were not eye-witnesses wrote accounts of them, and claimed them as supernatural; in other words, as "miracles." The other day, in the presence of two specially selected reporters and some few other persons, the Druce grave was opened, and a body was revealed. For some years previously it had been asserted, and is still asserted as a point of identification in the Druce-Portland case, that Druce, alleged to be the fifth Duke of Portland, wore a beard. The two reporters, men trained to use their eyes, saw the covering of the body in the grave stripped off, and almost immediately they wrote down and published what they saw. One of them says the body was that of "an aged bearded man"; the other says it was that of "an elderly man with side whiskers." Sooner or later these two reporters will probably go into the witness-box of a court of justice to tell what they saw. One of them will take his oath on the whiskers, and the other will take his oath on the beard. If, therefore, the testimony of identification on this point rested on these two eye-witnesses alone, the settlement of the question of fact would be as far from a solution as ever. But if of two men who saw a thing with their own eyes at the same time, and immediately wrote down what they saw, neither can be believed, what is to be said of "miracles" which occurred nineteen hundred years ago as described many years after the events by persons who never saw them at all? We put the question as a point of interest to the rigidly orthodox.

Czar Nicholas is still going it. Of 169 members of the first Duma indicted for circulating the famous Viborg manifesto calling on the nation not to pay taxes or find recruits for the army until the Autocrat of all the Russias had fulfilled the promises of his October Decree, 167 have been tried and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. There is much in the character of Nicholas which reminds us of Louis XVI. He is the flabby tool of every reactionary who can get near his ears; everything by turns and nothing long; reforming in one breath and recalling his reforms in another; meaning well and doing ill; doing everything, his best and his worst, at the wrong time and in the wrong way, or doing nothing at all—merely drifting, drifting, and for ever drifting on the fathomless sea of chance; a vacillating, sham, tissue-paper autocrat without nerve or fibre, as little fit to govern Russia as was Louis Capet to govern France. On the other hand, he seems to have jockeyed into the present Duma a crowd of Deputies with little courage of defiance, a majority pliable, timid, cautious, and careful of their skins. Whether Nicholas will pardon the 167 deputies of the first Duma instead of crowding them into gaols remains to be seen. In any case, the bulk of the Russian people will probably take it lying down. The solid strength of passive resistance is not in them, and as for the active "revolutions" of the revolutionists, they fizzle out like penny fireworks.

What the British Man in the Street would call horrible waste was the distinguishing feature of the new Prohibition Law which was put into force in the Oklahoma State the other day. The authorities broke up the State brewery. Thousands of barrels of beer were broached, and emptied into the sewers. The

sewers overflowed and swept down the streets in a torrent. The spectacle struck a thirsty multitude with all the force of tragedy and pathos. They hurried home for pails and jugs, and filled them with beer from the gutters, while the policemen on the beat and the teetotal stood by and wondered. This is the last drink they will get in Oklahoma. Henceforward, anybody drinking or selling beer or other alcoholic refreshment will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law; but it is conjectured that a considerable crowd will take care not to be caught.

Once more the prophets are about. Old Moore stands on the threshold of the New Year and tells us that "the position of Neptune points to socialistic tendencies in the House of Commons, and to disputes and involved actions therein." On our part, we have no hesitation whatever in saying that the position of Neptune also points to the fact that Julius Cæsar is no more, and that Queen Anne is likewise. Old Moore adds that "the position of the Government will be a thorny one, and will only be upheld with difficulty." This will be also the position of the County Council, the Tory party—what there is of it—the suffragettes, the rate-payers, the rent-payers, the tax-payers, and the people who have nothing to pay with. Taking one thing with another in 1908 Neptune will amount to about as much on this earth as he has always done. That is to say, he is too far away to amount to as much as a hay seed or a turnip-top, so people had better be careful.

Hard times in the business of the London General Omnibus Company have resulted in an intimation to the drivers that their wages will in future be reduced by sixpence a day; that is to say by three-and-sixpence a week. Some time ago Mr. Sydney Grundy waltzed into the papers with the astounding proposition that though labour always claims to share in profits, it never shares in losses. We commented at the time on this gentleman's goose steps in the mazy dance of political economy. It would now be interesting to have his views of that three-and-six a week. On the half-year's working the London General Omnibus Company have a deficit of over £100,000, and the alternative for the men, no doubt, is half a loaf or no bread, of reduced wages or a reduced staff, of employment or the sack. Let us put the other side, and ask whether, having taken three-and-six a week from labour in bad times, capital will voluntarily return three-and-six a week to labour when the position improves? That we take leave to doubt. When once capital gets wages down, it has a shocking bad habit of keeping them down. The reduction becomes a standing dish, and unless the union of labour is strong enough to demand its full loaf, it has to remain satisfied with whatever portion is thrown to it.

The old Tariffraffers have found a new game in the bye-election contest in Mid-Devon. Every night and every day a gentleman jumps up at Mr. Buxton's meetings and reels off a long string of questions for the Liberal candidate; and the fact that the gentleman who jumps up is always the same gentleman, and that he always jumps in the same old way, and that a printed list of the questions he had to ask, or somebody had to ask, was picked up in the streets the other day, suggests that the Tariff Reform League or the Unionist Association is coaching him for his amazing job. And for startling thumpers commend us to the yarns the Tariffraffers are trying to work off on the electors. They are going about saying that the Government have sent up the price of bread, and are responsible for the increase in the cost of coal. If they can now get it into the heads of the "free and independent" that the Government have also increased the price of firewood, and are responsible for the rise in bacon, and the cold weather, their candidate ought to romp home by six lengths.

"A Veteran Criminologist" writes us:—

"The recent birching sentence passed upon an old vagrant named Pydmore by Lord Hatherton—the victim being the same age as Lord Hatherton himself, *vis.*, sixty-five—was perfectly legal under an antiquated Act which at one time permitted the birching of women, and but for the prompt action of the Humanitarian League, the punishment would have been inflicted. As Mr. Collinson has on more than one occasion pointed out, the law allows such disgusting sentences to be carried out almost immediately after they are pronounced. Neither the prison governor nor the public are under any obligation to communicate with the Home Office on the subject, and under these circumstances, the intervention of the Crown, either in the way of remission or of the exercise of the Royal Prerogative, is impossible. At Gloucester, about three years ago, an insane man was flogged within twenty-four hours of the passing of the sentence, and at Dorset five old tramps convicted of sleeping out and begging were birched before the Home Secretary had time to interfere. May I call attention to the fact that under this infamous Vagrant Act, men who are not vagrants at all, but genuine unemployed labourers, if convicted of street begging a second or third time, are liable to be flogged with the 'cat.' Some time ago a London magistrate said he would send three labourers to be punished as 'incorrigible rogues' if they came before his Court again. It was proposed by Sir M. W. Ridley in 1889 to abolish the punishment of flogging in such cases, and but for the action of the House of Lords, which threw out his amendment to the Vagrant Act, this would have been done." Good old House of Lords. It has always been opposed to every amelioration of our criminal code.

Mr. Pearson seems to have developed a mania for acquiring derelict journals. He bought the moribund *Standard* and provided it with a public by a rapid sacrifice of its "hide-bound" principles. He ought to have an easier task if it is true that he has now purchased the *Times*, for the *Times* has avowedly eschewed principles throughout its long career. It has made mistakes which would have swamped any less hide-bound craft. It has been guilty of pigottry and book-clubs and encyclopædic ramp. But its wonderful traditions remain, and Mr. Pearson may be the ideal purchaser and philosopher if he can transmute them to the golden popularity which he appears to control.

Apropos the feeding of school children, Mr. Crooks, who is a master of pathos, certainly scored a point for the application of the Act by citing the following:—

> Dear Teacher,—Will you allow my little girls to come home at half-past three? I shall have earned sixpence by then, and shall be able to give them something warm to eat. They have had nothing all day.

Cases of this kind should stir up the education authorities to take action without further delay. They may even be induced to follow in the wake of the Gillingham Education Committee, which is organising "an old clothes and old boots department for ill-clad and ill-shod youngsters." Of course the Socialists will say "Why not new clothes and new boots?" But second-hand ones will do to go on with.

We regret to hear very unsatisfactory accounts of the health of the Prime Minister. We refrain for the moment from publishing any details, and content ourselves by seriously warning our readers against placing an implicit trust in inspired newspaper reports. Remember the case of Mr. Chamberlain.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For announcing that on Boxing Day, "Mr. F. W. Maskell will kick off in each match at eleven o'clock,"
THE *SURREY COMET*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For thanking "the gentry and inhabitants" for their patronage,
THE NEWPORT PROFESSIONAL TOWN BAND
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For writing the following paragraph in a story:—"She struggled to her feet and slung her basket around her neck, the moisture dripping from her petticoat and running down her face,"
ARTHUR APPLIN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing, in the same issue, the subject of a lecture as "British Socialism: Its Rise and Fall," and as "British Socialism: Its Rise and Progress,"
THE *EASTERN CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For classifying advertisements of poultry and of a cure for indigestion, under the heading "Machinery, Tools, &c.,"
THE *YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that "a small cask of ale makes a worthy addition to the Christmas table,"
MESSRS. MARSTON, THOMPSON & EVERSHED
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that "The Tartar, *built for 33 knots, recently attained 35,363 knots on her six hours' official trial,"*
THE *FOOTBALL ECHO AND SPORTS GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a dark mass "proved to be a wooden house built of unhewn stone,"
THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For prophesying that "though the temperature has at length begun to rise, we shall see neither ice nor snow,"
THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that "Mr. G. C. Nobile has once again devised an excellent method of attracting the public out of his fertile brain,"
THE *SUNDAY TIMES*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "Grayson rolls out his descriptive denunciation until the audience breathes breathlessly,"
THE *BURY TIMES*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For informing its readers that "a furious LIZARD *raged over Dartmoor on Saturday,"*
THE *BRISTOL EVENING TIMES*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For asking twelve hundred poor children, prior to commencing a Christmas meal, to authorise a wire to the King expressing "their humble devotion and loyalty to his Majesty and his House,"
MR. J. E. WOOD (of Lambeth)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For sitting on the roadside with a rug round his legs and his whip in his hand, under the impression that he was driving his cab,
CHARLES NEIGHBOUR (a Brentford Cabdriver)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

The following claims have been received:—

Mr. C. WELCH, 23, Tyndall Road, Leyton, E. (No. 523004, Nov. 16th).

Mr. GEO. SULLIVAN, 2, Thomas Street, Aberavon, Glamorgan (No. 109223, Nov. 23rd).

Mrs. F. E. GIBSON, 10, St. Oswald's Road, Earl's Court, S.W. (No. 523025, Nov. 16th).

Mr. ARTHUR DAVIS, 50, Wimbourne Road, Radford, Notts (No. 92009, Nov. 30th).

Mr. JOHN A. SABINE, 4, Cavendish Road, Harringay, N. (No. 107556, Nov. 30th).

Mr. E. STEER, Hawarden, East Grinstead, Sussex (No. 39023, Nov. 23rd).

Mr. E. TITEFORD, 65, Cobourg Road, Ashley Hill, Bristol (No. 88462, Nov. 30th).

Mrs. D. BRANDON, 41, Ridgmount Gardens, Gower Street, W.C. (No. 8508, Nov. 30th).

Mr. J. H. EMERSON, 39, Glenarm Road, Clapton, N.E. (No. 93499, Nov. 30th).

Mr. P. E. HELEY, 9, Warren Road, Reigate (No. 94471, Nov. 30th).

Mr. F. E. PAYNE, 4, Lawrence Buildings, Temple Building, Temple, Bristol (No. 12369, Nov. 30th).

Mr. CYRIL G. JARMAN, 249, Westmorland Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne (No. 556634, Nov. 16th).

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE FIFTY NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF DECEMBER 7TH:—

51	22113	37661	62414	88830
3757	22260	38748	64661	90894
5525	23734	39466	65157	94366
6707	24637	43834	71449	95772
10371	26811	48923	72053	100733
17391	27423	50978	74399	103805
18330	36103	51068	76813	106365
18398	36176	52289	81827	106784
19620	36727	52970	82323	107349
21126	37223	53220	86186	107646

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 15TH (PUBLISHED FEBRUARY 13TH).

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

With reference to the paragraph that appeared under this heading in our last issue, we have received a long explanatory letter from Father Gray, of the Catholic Mission, Fakenham. In reply to our question as to how, upon an average weekly collection of 3s. 6d., he can advertise so extensively, Father Gray says he has been "fortunate enough to get exceptionally low terms for the insertion of his appeals, *e.g.*, one paper only charges me 1s. per week." For the rest, Father Gray tells us that his collections have enabled him to do much towards putting his Mission into efficient working order.

"I have been able to keep this Mission going without a fraction of cost to the Diocese and administer to the spiritual needs of my poor people, who, previous to my coming, had no opportunity of hearing Mass unless they went either to Norwich or Lynn, on Sundays, and this they could only do during July, August and September, as there is no Sunday train service during the other months of the year."

There was no suggestion in our reference to Father Gray that his object in appealing for collections was a personal one, and we accept the explanation he has sent us without reservation.

JOHN BULL'S NEWEST THEOLOGY.—IX.

By ENQUIRER.

THE HUMOUR OF THE BIBLE —(*continued*).

If memory does not play me false, I think it was Mark Twain who said that he had only found one joke in the Bible. He pointed out that, in Acts ix. and 11, reference is made to "the street which is called Straight," the street in question being about as crooked as they made them, even in Damascus.

Our previous article dealt with several other instances, however, in which quaintly humorous ideas overwhelm the sense of the text. But, so far as we went, the humour was unconscious, and almost entirely due to laxity on the part of the translators of the Authorised Version.

It is now proposed to show, with due reverence, that certain Biblical personages were themselves not wholly lacking in a sense of humour.

Throughout all the utterances of the Prince of the Power of the Air, as reported in the Bible, there runs a subtle vein of cynical humour. Even in the story of the Fall (Genesis, chapter iii.), handed down for thousands and thousands of years, a quizzical intonation rings clearly through his words. Mark his blandly innocent enquiry—"Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of *every* tree of the garden?" How mischievously he points out here the rankling injustice of reserving a whole couple of trees, out of the mere forest of fruit trees presented to Adam and Eve as a free gift!

Watch his next speech, as he proceeds to urge the experiment of eating the forbidden fruit—"Ye shall not *surely* die." The word "surely" placed anywhere else in the clause, first, second, third or fifth, would convey an entirely different meaning to what it does, spoken fourth in order. As he put it, there must have been an ambiguous twinkle in his eye. "Ye shall not *surely* die" conveys the idea that there was always one chance in a million that Eve *might* eat of the forbidden fruit and continue to live. All risks of other possible punishments, moreover, were carefully ignored. Note, too, the monumental absurdity of the inducement he suggested as being worth the risk—"In the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." And, although, in medical language, death might supervene, he suggests that the experiment, as an experiment, would be decidedly interesting. Why not try it? We know Eve did try it, and, as a consequence, practically everybody, ever since, has had to die. The one or two notable exceptions which are recorded (such as Enoch and Elijah, who were translated), serve only to prove the remarkable accuracy of the serpentine forecast. That the suggestion and the experiment—with its results—were from the Tempter's point of view highly humorous, who shall gainsay?

But we have clear evidence that Satan delighted in doing humorous things, as well as thinking them, and saying them. In Job i. and 6 we read—"Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord and" (just fancy) "Satan came also among them." And he did so more than once, too (see Job ii. and 1).

Well, after all, why shouldn't he? Imagination may run away with me, but I invariably picture all the good angels looking daggers at him, the while he swaggered about amongst them, thoroughly self-possessed, quite cheerful, and as chirpy as if "The Sorrows of Satan" were to remain unpublished for ever. I dare go to the length of imagining his to be the only agreeable face in the crowd of those who presented themselves. I will go further still and point out that Satan was probably in a most hilarious mood and that his conversation with his former associates would be particularly sparkling. This may, or may not, have been the occasion mentioned in the 9th verse of Jude, when the Fallen Angel seems, by his brilliant repartee and flippant humour, to have scored over the Archangel Michael. Thus we read: "Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee." We have no record that the Archangel's pious desire was granted, but we do see, from the first and second chapters of Job, that Satan was alone favoured with interviews worth reporting, and that his opinions were listened to with every courtesy, attention and consideration.

Cynical the devil might be—was, in fact—but always bright and piquant. Listen to his satirical query: "Doth Job fear God for nought?" How vividly the sarcasm phrases the esteem in which are held those ostentatious Christians who are nowadays suspected of making their religion pay. He certainly rated us men more than a little lower than the angels when he said: "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." This was really too low, of course. He couldn't have been in earnest. He ignored what he must know to be facts. Men of all nationalities will give their lives for their sweethearts, wives or children, for instance. And we Scotchmen, as he must admit, are generally credited (or debited) with being willing to lose our lives, and, if necessary, our immortal souls, sooner than part with our bawbees.

More of Satan's grotesque selfish humour appears in the preposterous propositions he made to our Lord Himself. (See Matthew, chapter iv., verses 1 to 11, and Luke iv., verses 1 to 13): "Command this stone that it be made bread." Or again: "The devil . . . setteth Him on a pinnacle . . . and saith unto Him . . . cast thyself down: for it is written . . . angels . . . shall bear Thee up." Or yet again: "The devil . . . shewed unto Him all . . . the world in a moment of time. And . . . said . . . If Thou . . . wilt worship me, all shall be thine."

Perhaps the most humorous writer in the Bible was Luke, the physician. He it was who wrote not only the Gospel bearing his name, but the Acts of the Apostles, and it may be stated with perfect confidence that brighter writing would be hard to find in any book.

Let us select one of his breezy little anecdotes as a sample.

The close of the 27th chapter of the Acts finds Paul and his shipmates wrecked on the island of Melita, and thus the story goes on in the next chapter:

"The barbarous people showed us no little kindness, for they kindled a fire . . . because of the cold. And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat, and fastened on his hand. And when the barbarians saw the venomous beast . . . they said among themselves, No doubt this man is a murderer. . . And they looked when he should have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly; but after they had looked a great while and saw no harm come to him, they changed their minds and said that he was a god."

Whimsical drollery shines clearly through this good-humoured narration, in spite of the damage done to it by translation. Another story of Luke's should be carefully laid to heart by those clergymen (and their name is legion) who are inclined to be long-winded. It begins in Acts xx. and 7th verse: "When the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them . . . and continued his speech until midnight. . . . And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep: and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead. And Paul went down, and fell on him, and . . . said, Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him. When he therefore . . . had . . . eaten, and talked a long while, even till break of day . . . he departed. And they brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted."

If the above narrative was not written in a humorous vein, nothing ever was. Mark the subtle way in which Luke brings out his points. Note Paul's preaching the man to sleep, his purely momentary suspension of the flow of talk, his placid freedom from worry about the incident, his undisturbed appetite for food—and more talk, his cool departure, and the joy of the faithful little band that the damage done was not so bad as it might have been. Humorous throughout, the story, nevertheless, conveys a solemn warning against the danger of long sermons, which preachers would do well to heed.

The above are only small samples, selected at random, from the writings of Luke. Those who take the trouble to study his work right through, will find themselves well rewarded. The Acts of the Apostles are always interesting, written in excellent literary style, and brightened with a quiet humour which bubbles over every now and then when least expected.

SALVATION ARMY BLASPHEMY.

Another Case for the Police.

As the Police Authorities are again taking up Blasphemy Prosecutions, we commend to their attention Mr. Charles E. Gumbleton, Salvation Army Officer at Seacombe, in Cheshire. Here is a copy of a leaflet with which he has just deluged the town, the letters in capitals being printed in red in the original:—

A CALL TO BACKSLIDERS!

1, WILLIAM ST., SEACOMBE, CHESHIRE,
November, 1907.

"AND IMMEDIATELY THE COCK CREW." *St, Matthew* 26, 74.

Men and Women of Seacombe,

Who have fallen from grace; God has bid me send this letter as a reminder that thou has forsaken and denied thy Lord, He sent the cockerel to Peter, but I am sent to **thee.**

Backslider **hear me, hear me,** this has now become **your name,** on earth and in heaven, it is on the lips of the **angels** of God, and on the lips of your **neighbour, Backslider,** the cock croweth, **do you hear him?** it is to **you** he preacheth, it was once to **Peter,** he went out and **wept** but where do you **go?** Backslider, let the red ink on this paper remind thee that thy **hands** are **red** from **murder** of the **Son** of **God,** for thou has crucified Him **afresh.**

Let me also remind thee that **Hell** is **Hot,** and the last backslider gone there from **this** place, is now crying, send me to **Seacombe again,** try me again, but the echo of eternity, cries **never! never! never!**

Ye men of this place, **hearken,** be not like unto the people of Sodom, for God's hand is upon **this place,** and some of you into whose hands these letters will come, will **not** be on earth another **365 days,** you are on your **last round,** your **last year,** you have seen your **last** summer, **my God, who is it? Is it I? is it I?** Shall I be at Thy **bar** before another year is **past?** God is going to say to that **backslider** who is daring His way **come** out of **Seacombe** stop on earth **no more** but stand before **Me,** man, your **shroud** is made, the **boards** are **sawn** already for your **coffin,** you are going to **die,** but **Jesus Christ** wants you to **return** before you are past remedy, whenever you should see the **Cockerel,** it should remind you that Christ **wants** you to come **home** He says "I will **heal** thy **backslidings,** and I will **love** them **freely,**" *Hosea* 14, 4.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memories still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

God bless you, I am praying for your return.

I am, yours faithfully in declaring to you what God has bid me do,

CHARLES E. GUMBLETON, Salvation Army Officer.

P.S.—I give you a hearty invitation to our meetings at the Hall in Brighton St. Sunday 11 a.m., 3 and 6.45 p.m., and each evening at 8 p.m.

The only comment we desire to make upon this disgusting document is that if such methods are essential in order to reach the common folk, it were better to leave them alone.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Play Competitions and the Great Unacted.

Various circumstances have combined to bring me a good deal of correspondence lately on these twin questions. For one thing, I have written two or three times on the subject; and half the readers of this journal seem to be nearly as good dramatists as they are experts in the gentle art of last-lining. Again, some of them are, or have been, members of the Stage Society, the Pioneers, or other of the societies which exist nominally (and more or less actually) for the discovery of neglected genius—great play-makers who have been rejected of the managers, and great actors whose salaries are smaller than their deserts. Others, again, have entered in previous Play Competitions and have gathered no visible advantage therefrom. The fact that the Stage Society and the Pioneers are about to produce new plays and that I have mentioned the possible utility of another Play Competition seems to have set all these good people by the ears, to have afflicted them with writers' itch in the first degree. Consequently, I have suffered grievously of late from letters addressed—as one of the correspondents quaintly puts it—to "the conductor of 'Among the Mummers.'"

The "Playgoers" and the *Tatler*.

One of my correspondents, writing from a Northern suburb, "ventures to advance a few suggestions regarding the question of Play Competitions, culled from past experience," and then proceeds as follows:—

> First I would mention that I sent in the first play I ever wrote to the "Playgoers' Club" Competition of two years ago. But was that ever meant to be a *genuine* competition? I ask because when my play came back, I was pestered for weeks by a certain agency which offered to read any play I might submit for the fee of a guinea; would place it if suitable for production, and only claim 10 per cent. of the gross receipts. I was eventually able to discover my own shortcomings without any such aid, but have often wondered how many amateurs parted with their guineas.
>
> The Editor of the *Tatler* offered a £25 prize for a one-act play in the issue of February 14th, 1906. Doubtless I had improved, for my play was amongst those retained for final consideration by Mr. Bourchier. I do not know who won that prize, but to the best of my recollection that prize-play was never produced. But had I won that prize, the money would not have satisfied my ambition in the smallest degree.
>
> Now for my suggestion. If the prize be won by any competitor, should not *one* production of it be compulsory? Would it not be fairer to both author and public? What might satisfy Mr. Bourchier might bore Martin Harvey. What pleased George Alexander might not prove attractive to Beerbohm Tree, and so on.
>
> And then—the question of typewriting. Should this method be so insisted upon? To ensure good work you must pay 5s. an act to have your play typed; if you have a typewriter, well and good; but to hire one costs altogether 17s. If poverty or hardship rules your lot in life, it seems selfish, indeed criminal, to fling away a sovereign upon a slender chance of success. Men like G. R. Sims, who boast so gaily of their shocking handwriting, have made things difficult for literary aspirants to-day. I have had written articles accepted, but all the best magazines insist upon typed MS.
>
> After all, I believe in competitions. Better to try and fail, than to shirk the attempt—so good luck to your endeavour.

I shall leave the editor of the *Tatler* to clear up the outstanding question as to his £25 prize, if he feels so disposed. The matter of the Playgoers' Club Competition, I think, calls for a few words of comment.

The Agent and the Playwright.

I am a member of the Playgoers' Club myself, but I was not a member of the Reading Committee which considered the plays sent in for competition. I know most of the members of that Committee, however; and I confess that I raised my eyebrows a little when I read my correspondent's allusion to the agent who wanted to place his (or her) rejected play. I do not suggest that there was anything wrong in the agent's offer; I do not think there was, and I am convinced that the judging of the plays was done quite genuinely and that what the Reading Committee thought was the best play submitted won the award. Moreover, no overture, it will be noted, was made by the agent until after my correspondent's play had been rejected by the Reading Committee; and it is only fair to assume that the agent thought my correspondent's play was promising, and that another from the same pen, if not this one, might prove marketable. However, such a development as the use of information gained in the capacity of a member of the Reading Committee for the purposes of a private business speculation was certainly not among the advantages to the British drama hoped for by the Playgoers' Club when it undertook the task of trying to find Mr. George Alexander a better play than he could discover through the ordinary channels. There was no harm, I feel sure, in the intentions of the agent referred to. But obviously, his procedure was not such as was likely to raise the prestige of the Club in the esteem of outside competitors; and, had the Club Committee known of the agent's action, it would certainly have sifted the matter to the bottom.

To Mr. Norman Roe.

This correspondent's suggestion that in any Play Competition arranged one production at least should be guaranteed to the winning play is singularly modest. My own plan, outlined recently, offered much more substantial encouragement to competitors of talent, quite apart from the proposed monetary reward. It seems to me that Mr. Norman Roe, in connection with his "Grand Guignol à Londres" scheme, to be inaugurated at the New Royalty about the end of the month, might do much worse than offer a series of cash prizes and warranted productions for the Best One-Act Plays written by English authors who have never had a play produced before.

A Word for the Pioneers.

Another of my readers who was, or is—I am not sure which—a member of the Pioneers, the society started by Mr. Herbert Swears, with a view to the co-operative production of plays by unknown authors, seems to be dissatisfied with the value he has had for his guineas. The idea of this organisation is that each member shall pay a guinea subscription annually and have an equal chance of seeing his play produced. Of course, such a scheme "asks for trouble" to the man at the head of it; and in ventilating the alleged grievance of my reader I am far from endorsing it. I believe Mr. Swears has done his level best for the society, although he would be the last to deny that it, in turn, has served as a valuable advertisement of the fact that he himself is a writer of plays and is open to sell them, on terms. At the bottom of my reader's mind evidently there is a feeling that the history of the Pioneers has been a history of "Too Much Swears." Whether this is so or not, I am unable to say. However, I should certainly be glad to have from Mr. Swears any facts he cares to send me on (1) the number of Pioneer plays presented and the cost of each production; (2) the total amount of subscriptions to the Pioneers; (3) the number of those plays presented that were written by members of the Committee of the Society; (4) the method of selecting such plays for production. I have no personal feeling in this matter; indeed, in another journal I advocated rather warmly the claims of the society on its formation. This reader joined it in consequence of my advocacy, and that is why he has asked me questions about it now.

Wanted—A Musical Agent.

The term "agent" in the West End is as significant as that of "merchant" in the City or "gentleman" in the suburbs. The term "musical agent" is become almost sinister in recent years, owing to practices well-known among concert and other artists and partly revealed in a case before the courts not long ago. Musical aspirants apparently are among the easiest of gulls. Reared for the most part in sheltered homes, afflicted in greater or less degree with the "artistic temperament" (and the nice eyes and hair that very often go with it), spoilt by parents and friends, generally over-educated in everything that does not matter and under-educated in everything that does, the musical girl and her credulous mother and proud papa are the natural prey of the baser sort of "musical agent." The other sort of agent is scarce. The *Musical News* publishes for a shilling a remarkable book called "Musical Examinations," which exposes the dubious degree and diploma shops that lie in wait for silly people who are desirous of paying money for the privilege of writing foolish letters after their names. I wish the same admirable journal would show up the shady musical agents in the same drastic fashion. It would save me much trouble in making unsatisfactory inquiries as to members of this fraternity, and the general body of unsophisticated musical aspirants much money and (if report speaks true) some shame.

K.

The Result of Samuda's Second Limerick Competition will be announced in the "Westminster Gazette" of Jan. 10th.

SAMUDA'S (THIRD) GRAND LIMERICK.

No matter how few enter, we pay all Prizes in full.

This is Samuda's Third Limerick. People now know Samuda's Limericks as standard competitions. Samuda's competitions have been marked with an integrity that is the great secret of their success. The same conditions, the same independent judges, the same scrupulous desire to give every competitor fair play, as governed our first two competitions, will again be the features of this. There is no entrance fee to a Samuda Limerick—"Traylee" Cigarettes are full value for the money asked.

Judges:

Dr. H. GREENHOUGH SMITH, *Editor of the "Strand Magazine."*

Dr. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, *Late Editor of the "Idler."*

Dr. HOSTYN T. PIGOTT, *of the "World."*

SAMUDA'S FIRST PRIZE, £1,000

Second, £100 Cash; Third, £50 Cash.

Consolation Prizes—Five of £10 each.

The man who sends the best last line wins the £1,000.
The next best last lines take prizes in order of merit.
Samuda's are not making a fortune out of these Limericks.
They are content if the sales of "Traylee" Cigarettes pay a proportion of the cost of the Competitions.
The Competitions are arranged to advertise their new "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes.
The "Traylee" Cigarettes are the best Virginia Cigarettes on the market at 2s. 6d. per 100.
You are always smoking Cigarettes.
Begin now with "Traylee"—a box a week.
Send a last line with each box you buy week by week.
It is no loss to you, and you may win £1,000 Cash.
It takes little time, and you have a good cigarette all the time.
Someone must win this £1,000.
You or another—Why not you?
Try—it costs you nothing.
The prizes will be paid in full, no matter how few people enter.

IMPORTANT . . ANNOUNCEMENT

Cigarettes in place of "Traylee" Cigarettes. Where the competitor prefers Cigars or Pipe Tobacco, or a higher grade Cigarette, we are prepared to supply "Avoca" Cigars, "Avoca" Infantes Whiffs, "Avoca" Smoking Mixture, or "Avoca" Virginia, Turkish, and Egyptian Particulars will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

CONDITIONS.

1. The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes together with postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. for postage (2s. 8d. in all). Any number of last lines may be sent, but for each one a further 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased, and the price thereof, including postage, 2s. 8d., included. See note headed—Important Announcement.
2. Every solution sent in will be carefully classified and judged entirely on its merits. As it is impossible to do this in the short space of one week, competitors are requested to send in their last lines at the earliest possible date.
3. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Westminster Gazette" on March 10th.
4. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.
5. No member of the firm, employee, or friend of any member or employee, is eligible to compete.
6. Competitors wishing to have the results specially posted to them must enclose an additional stamp when sending in their order.
7. All Postal Orders must be made payable to J. Samuda & Co., London, E.C.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND FILL UP CAREFULLY.

ENTRY COUPON.

(JOHN BULL. 2.)

Address envelope—The Limerick Committee, c/o J. SAMUDA & CO., 24, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. .....1908.

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage.
If from any cause you do not execute this order, you are at liberty to return my money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a Competitor. I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

Here is an unfinished Limerick to which the last line should be added;

Unique is the prize, so say we,
And not less unique is "Traylee."
You've no loss to repine,
If you send a last line,

(Please write clearly.)

Full Name .....

Postal Address .....

Town .....County .....

If more than one last line is sent, write same, with name and address, on a separate sheet of plain paper and pin to the entry form. Only one attempt must be written on each sheet, and for each last line sent in 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased at 2/8, including postage. Additional entry coupons will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

J.R.P.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

"The Young Lady's Chesterfield, or Worldly Counsel to a Daughter." By Sir George Savile. (London: Humphreys. 1907. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This little book was first published in 1688 under the name of "The Lady's New Year Gift." The new title is not an improvement, but there are some delightfully quaint and cynical bits of philosophy which were well worth rescuing. For instance:

> That which challengeth the next place in your thoughts is, how to live without a husband. . . . It is one of the disadvantages belonging to your sex, that young women are seldom permitted to make their own choice. . . . You must first lay it down for a foundation in general, that there is equality in the sexes. . . . This looks a little uncourtly at the first appearance, but upon examination it will be found that nature is so far from being unjust to you that she is partial on your side. . . . It is true that the laws of marriage run in a harsher style towards your sex. Obey is an ungenteel word. . . . The causes of separation are now so very coarse, that few are confident enough to buy their liberty at the price of having their modesty so exposed. . . . For your better direction I will give a hint of the most ordinary courses of dissatisfaction between man and wife, that you may be able by such warning to live so upon your guard, that when you shall be married, you may know how to cure your husband's mistakes and to prevent your own first. Then, you are to consider, you live in a time which hath rendered some kind of frailties so habitual that they lay claim to large grains of allowance. The world in this is somewhat unequal, and our sex seemeth to play the tyrant, in distinguishing partiality for ourselves, by making that in the utmost degree criminal in the woman which in a man passeth under a much gentler censure. The root and excuse of this injustice is the preservation of families from any mixture that may bring a blemish to them. . . . Remember that, next to the danger of committing the fault yourself, the greatest is that of seeing it in your husband. Do not seem to look or hear that way. . . . To expostulate in these cases looketh like declaring war and preparing reprisals, which to a thinking husband would be a dangerous reflection. Besides, it is so coarse a reason which will be assigned for a lady's too great warmth upon such an occasion, that modesty no less than prudence ought to restrain her, since such an indecent complaint makes a wife much more ridiculous than the injury that provoketh her to it. . . . The next thing I will suppose is that your husband may love wine more than is convenient. . . .

What have the Suffragettes to say?

"The Chain Invisible." By C. Ranger Gull. (London: Laurie. 1907. Price 6s.)

The publisher informs us that "this story is the most remarkable one ever written of Monte Carlo, the Pleasure Garden of the World." It certainly is, though not precisely in the way the publisher imagines. I thought Mr. Gull, alias Thorne, who inspires bishops to preach sermons about him, was not likely to be a very good authority on Monte Carlo, and, by the Lord Harry, I was right! Just listen to this:

> A growing excitement began to be manifest all round the table. An almost unprecedented thing had happened. Red had turned up five times in succession.
>
> "By Jove!" said the Jewish-looking young man, turning to Owen, "such a thing hasn't happened for a deuce of a time at any table here—you know they keep accurate records of every spin. It's a moral certainty that black will turn up now. I'm on it!" . . . Rien ne va plus! The ball spun, and so certain was Owen of the ultimate result, that he forebode to look at the wheel itself. Then he heard the hoarse cry: "Dix-huit, rouge."
>
> Red has turned up again for the sixth time in succession! There was no sound or murmur, there never was at Monte Carlo, and several people got up from the table and walked away.

All the descriptions of Monte Carlo are written after the manner of a child's guide and the story itself is so grossly improbable that it will scarcely impose upon the credulity of any child, however ingenious. I will conclude by asking the appropriately named Mr. Gull a few questions. Where are Zaxony, Rocquebrune, and the Esterelles? What is a deringrolade? To what language does he attribute "La Rouge" and "buver?" When has a roulette croupier ever announced "Noir gagne?" How did Sir William Liverpool, one of the villains of this story, happen to live at "the big villa at Cap Martin, the Châlet des Pins?" A beautiful châlet of that name belongs to my friend, Mr. Williamson, but it is certainly not "*the* big villa at Cap Martin." Finally, I want to know how "lust and greed and hatred fought out their silent battle of cunning and of fear."

"The Plains of Silence." By Alice and Claude Askew. (London: Cassell. 1907. Price 6s.)

This book gives a lurid but fairly convincing picture of South Africa. At least it sounds life-like, though the authors have allowed their prejudices to run away with them. This is how they describe the smart set of Cape Town:

> They were a strange-looking collection of individuals. There was hardly a man amongst them who had any pretensions to be called a gentleman—and the women were even worse.

The authors have no very great regard for the Chosen People. The word Jew is used almost as though it were a term of reproach! And this is how a young Hebrew proposes to a girl whom he has known for twenty-four hours:

> "That's very foolish," he answered softly. "Why, look here: say I go into a picture gallery, and I see a picture I like, I make a bid for it on the spot, don't I, before any other man can buy it? I don't hang about and wait till I've lost it; and it's the same with a horse, or a fine bit of jewellery, or anything else. A man has to make up his mind at once. Why, suppose"—he sought in the dark recesses of his mind for the parable he wanted—"yes, suppose," he continued, "that you were a beautiful slave girl, and I was some great sultan; well, the sultan wouldn't hesitate, would he, haggle, or make terms? He'd buy the slave at once. Now, what have I said to offend you?"

The heroine is an irritating prig, and the story might be summed up as a depressing melodrama. When she reaches Cape Town, she at once agrees to marry an odious little Jew, who has threatened to have her father locked up for illicit diamond buying. Then her father obligingly commits suicide and she marries a young Boer. An English coüsin comes to see her at the farm. Her husband grows jealous, and is just going to shoot her when everything is explained. "Then in speechless ecstasy they clung to each other, encompassed by the silence of the plains."

The characters all talk like people on the stage and we hear of champagne "flowing like water." How else could it flow?

"The Dainty Lady Lucy." By Foxcroft Davis. (London: Cassell. 1907. Price 6s.)

At the outset I imagined that this very silly book was by an Englishman, but I have come to the conclusion that it is by a Yankee woman. The mistake was caused by her ill-natured but not unnatural remark about the voices of her compatriots. She alludes to their "peacock scream," she finds it wonderful when one of them does not screech, and we are told that after a while her hero "grew accustomed to the shrill and often untrained voices of the American women." But such remarks are only intended as a foil to the glorification of individual Yankees. The story is very simple and very stupid. Sir Percy Carlyon began his career in India and succeeded through the assistance of his friend General Talbot. He proceeded to make love to the General's daughter, Alicia. Some years later he became first secretary to the British Embassy at Washington. On arriving there he told the Ambassador that he should certainly never dream of marrying an American. However, he soon changed his mind, and became engaged to a young lady from the East. Alicia then turned up, and was unhappy to find that he had thrown her over. Now comes a delightful theory of morality. Sir Percy may marry the girl, but Alicia is not worthy to make her acquaintance. Eventually, when Sir Percy was Ambassador, Alicia threatened to make Sir Percy's position impossible by making public their intimacy, now sixteen years old, unless Lady Carlyon visited her house. "I ask only that your wife come to my house once in a season," she asked modestly. To this Sir Percy chivalrously replied: "I would prefer to give up the ambassadorship and retire from the diplomatic service." The book is full of such twaddle, and ends up very lamely. This is the kind of philosophy to which we are treated: "Nothing is so beautiful and interesting as a young mother with her children;" . . . "there are few occasions that a woman appears better than when dispensing the simple hospitality of her own tea-table."

Why do English publishers persist in bringing out these Yankee effusions?

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ADDRESS.....

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Mr. Robert Wood, Camden Town, London.

Sir,—When you were acquitted by an Old Bailey jury on the charge of murdering "Phyllis" Dimmock, I understood that you were going away to Scotland or somewhere for a holiday to recover from the terrible nerve-strain of your trial; and undoubtedly it must have been a strain, however wonderfully you disguised it. But now you are in the papers again, with your name on the contents bills.

It seems that Mr. Walter Gibbons, the proprietor of many music halls, offered you a handsome salary to make a spectacle of yourself at one of them. You were to do the sketching, while another man was to do the lecturing. These preliminaries settled, the newspapers were duly informed, and promptly your name appeared in huge, shrieking capitals on the contents bills and play-bills. But there came a rift in the lute. You were ready to "go on" in the full glare of electric lights, probably preceded by a few bars of wibbly-wobbly stuff called music, played softly, for you seem to have nerve enough for anything. But a society of music-hall artists, called the "Water Rats," protested, and protested so strongly that Mr. Gibbons summarily cancelled your engagement. That, at any rate, is the version of the "Water Rats."

On behalf of himself, Mr. Walter Gibbons now writes to the papers to say that not until "after reading the comments of the Sunday papers" and consulting the Clerk to the Theatre and Music Halls Committee of the London County Council, did he decide to withdraw you. "I am only the servant of the public," says Mr. Gibbons, "and my aim in life must be to place before them entertainments suitable to their taste." Originally, he thought an entertainment suitable to their taste would be you, and that your taste, and his own, were about on a par with theirs. The London County Council had no more to do with your appearance or disappearance than the man in the moon. They had as little power to suppress you as a public exhibition as they would have had to suppress the exhibition of your friend Ruby Young. The truth appears to be that if you went on Mr. Gibbons was in danger of losing some of the rest of his programme.

Now, look here man, get out of the public glare—and stay out. You have had enough publicity to last you a lifetime, or ought to have had. It is your stupendous vanity, your incorrigible yearning to pose, that makes you a hero in your own eyes. Let me disabuse your mind. You are by no means a hero. On the contrary, you are thousands of miles removed from the heroic. You are simply a man accused of murder who has been acquitted, and if you take my advice you will not pose as being anything more. If you want to exhibit yourself hire a tent in a forty-acre field, light it up with farthing candles, and charge a "bob a nob" for a seat. But for goodness' sake keep out of the limelight and away from the music.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. C. N. Gray, Vicar of Helmsley, Yorkshire.

Sir, — I understand you conduct yourself in your relations with the people of Helmsley as if you were an autocrat by the grace of God, and they were blackbeetles. It appears that they have expressed their preference for the *Sunday Chronicle* to the point of buying it in large numbers through a newsagent in the village. You met him as he was going his rounds, and forbade him to sell the paper—not because you have any special objection to the paper, as you admit, but that you object to the sale of any Sunday paper within the limits of your holy sphere. The man refused to discontinue the sale. "Very well," was your ultimatum, "I shall see about it. I shall report the matter to Lord Feversham"; and as his lordship invariably supports you in your tyranny in a twentieth-century village supposed to contain a free people, and as the man's home and business and liberty to live in Helmsley depend on his lordship (subject to your approval), he had no alternative but to make himself subservient to your whim and will. "I will not have the papers sold here on Sundays," you say. "We have to think for people who are not qualified to think for themselves." Mercy on us, what a tax it must be to think for a whole townlet. Does not it make you tired?

But it is not merely in preventing Helmsley from reading newspapers on Sundays that your light shines before men. Your autocracy also extends to tombstones. Nobody in the village may have a tombstone more than three feet in height, and the design must meet with your approval. I don't know whether the villagers have to ask your leave to be born or your authority to get married, or your kind permission to die. If not, you should see to it at once. You are missing vital points in the art of autocratic governance.

If I were the squire of a place like Helmsley, do you know what I should do with a parson like you? I should call a meeting of the villagers and inform them that they might inform you to go hang whenever you attempted to interfere with their liberties as free citizens.

JOHN BULL.

To Phyllis Love, Daisy Cottage, Chancetown.

My Dear Phyllis,—Lest you should have forgotten the fact, I am writing you a few lines to remind you that this is leap year. Pray be careful, however; I want you to look before you leap.

With this in mind, however, there are no restrictions. I have reasons to believe that you have your lively blue eyes on one man whom you feel you would like to marry; indeed, if I am correctly informed by the little birds which sometimes whisper in my ear, you have your lovely blue eyes on several. If I had heard this sort of thing last year I should have thought it my painful duty to call you naughty, but as this is your year of immemorial privilege, I shall only take occasion to wish you all the luck in the world.

Don't be in a hurry, however. Certain rules in the game have to be carefully studied. For instance, I don't think you will do any good by rushing bang up against Algernon and asking him if he'll marry you. I don't say he wouldn't, unless he is a fool, for you are pretty enough to match any drawing-room furniture I have ever seen. I would marry you myself if you asked me, but Mrs. Bull won't let me.

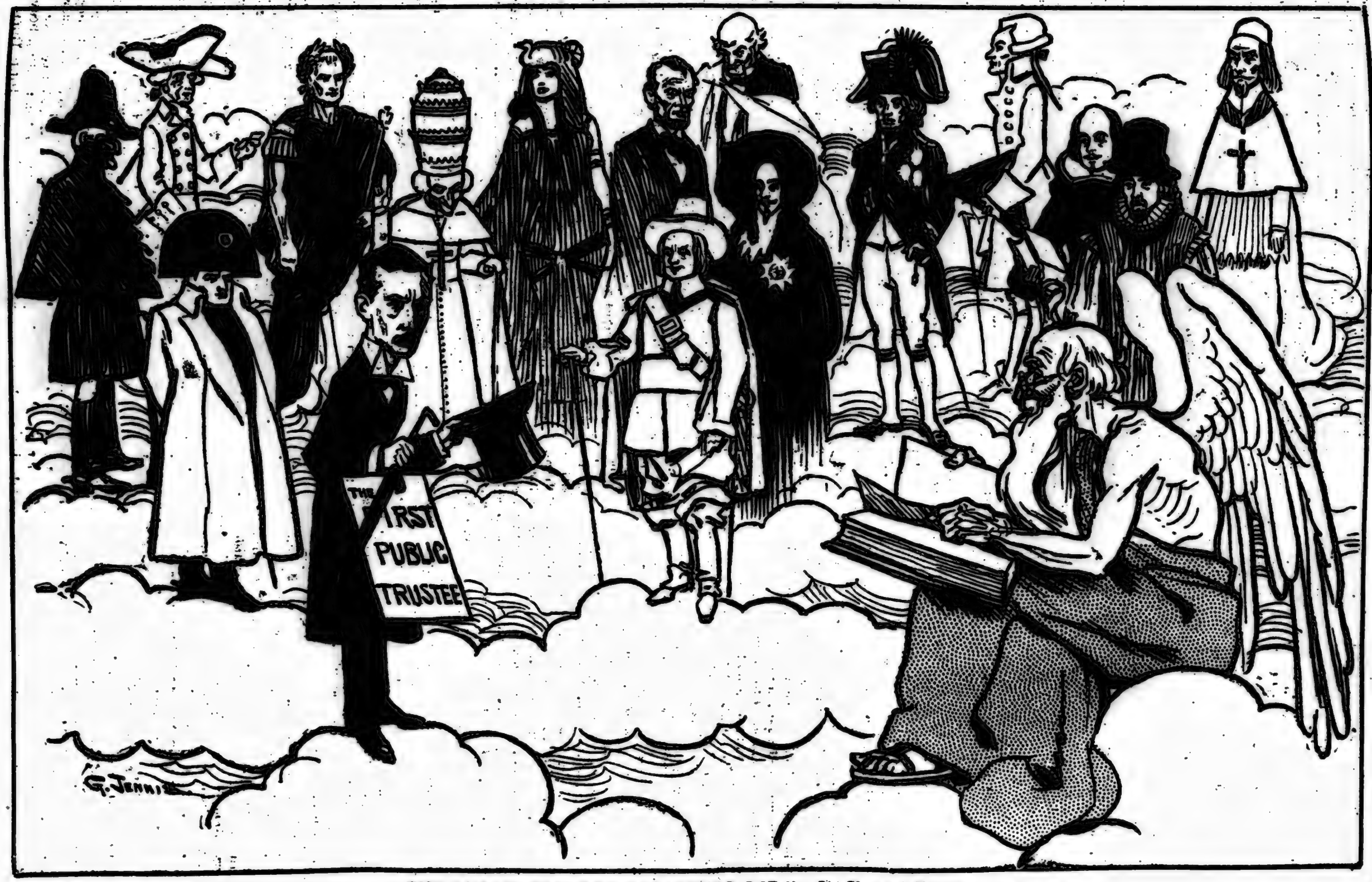
But that is neither here nor there. What I want to impress on you is that if you proposed to Algernon in one impetuous swoop, he might say you were too sudden, and ask you to give him a day or two to think it over. Pray take things calmly, and look round carefully. There may be better men than Algernon; at least, there may be men with more money.

Now, when you have picked your man—I mean the first man you have decided to have a go at—it is unnecessary to wait for a formal introduction. This is a free country; what I mean is that it is freer in leap year than at most other times. Sigh at him as he walks down the street. Introduce yourself. Tell him father calls you Phyllis, and mother calls you Mary Ann. Fix your deep, liquid, soulful, sapphire eyes on him with a long, languourous longing fix, softly lay a number 5 glove, with your dear little hand in it, on his arm, and tickle his coat sleeves with your fingers till he throbs and thrills with such unspeakable happiness that he cannot say a word. Then lead him gently into the drawing-room, or the conservatory, or to a bench in the park, take a seat, coax him to sit beside you, place one arm round his waist, and with the other draw down his head to your shoulder till some of your golden tresses tickle his cheek, and your cheek also, and imprint a long, rapturous, passionate kiss plump on his clean shaven mouth.

You need not be afraid. He won't struggle. You have him completely in your power. Go on kissing him in this way till he is unconscious, and doesn't know whether he's in Paradise or out for a picnic, and then utter your fateful words: "Oh, darling, darling, you are more to me than all the world, dearer than life itself! Willingly, gladly, would I die in the joy of your love. The sun, the moon, the stars, breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper are nothing to me. I want only you. I yearn only for you. Day and night, through sunshine and darkness, through rain and storm, through frost and snow and slush, I think only of you. Only your image is in my heart, dearest. My eyes are your mirror. Look into them—look, look, I say, and see how nicely you do your hair. Be mine, loved one. Be mine for ever and ever. Be mine so that I can bring my box and never, never leave you my whole life through. I'll buy the licence and the ring; you can provide the home and the pin-money. Speak, my darling! Speak just one word. Say it at my lips, and say it slow. Say 'Yes,' say 'Yes,' only 'Yes.' If you say 'No,' I shall die, and my cold, lifeless body will fall with a heavy thud at your feet."

JOHN BULL.

AMONG THE IMMORTALS.



"THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE CAN NEVER DIE."—*Sir Howard Vincent.*

IN THE CITY.

THE RAND MINING INDUSTRY.

DESPAIRING REPORTS AND CONTINUED PROGRESS.

The figures for the quarter ended December 31 last, as they relate to the progress of the Rand mining industry, will do nothing to relieve the bewilderment of our friend, "the man in the street," who day by day is told by his newspaper that the state of affairs in Johannesburg—Johannesburg, whose prosperity or depression rests upon the position at the mines—is rapidly going from bad to worse. Let us take some figures of the last three years:—

	Tons Milled.	Mining Profits.	Cost per Ton.
1905 ...	10,945,469 ...	6,757,087 ...	23. 2
1906 ...	13,335,150 ...	8,156,024 ...	22. 2
1907 ...	15,355,000 ...	9,727,000 ...	20. 11

These figures show that in the three years the output has increased by nearly 50 per cent., the mining profit in nearly the same proportion, and that the cost per ton has fallen 2s. 3d. At the present time the Transvaal yields about 31 per cent. of the world's total output of gold. It is true that the average of all the Companies' yields indicates a shortage in the yield per ton—as from 35s. 6d. to 33s. 6d. per ton—but this is largely due to the decline in the rate of working expenses per ton, which has encouraged the treatment of ore which in earlier years, when working expenses were higher, was left as unpayable to treat. We said above that the cost per ton had fallen 2s. 3d., but this is taking the average of the year 1907 as compared with that of the year 1905. But the working expenses were steadily falling throughout 1907. In the first quarter of 1905 they averaged 23s. 9d., in the last quarter of 1907 only 20s. 4d. (a reduction of 3s. 5d. per ton). In the same period, as the *Statist* shows in some interesting tables, the decline in the grade has been 3s. per ton, the net outcome being that, whereas for the first quarter of 1905 the average profit was equal to 12s. 5d. per ton, notwithstanding the diminution in grade the profits in the last quarter of 1907 work out approximately 12s. 10d. per ton, or an actual increase of 5d. per ton.

THE TIN PLATE TRADE.

We should have thought that Mr. Chamberlain's prediction about the tin plate trade would have saved his followers from indulging in reckless statements about this particular trade. It will be remembered that about four years ago, just after Mr. Chamberlain had discovered that Free Trade was ruining the country, and when in the vigour of his "raging, tearing" propaganda in favour of Protection, the right hon. gentleman illustrated the desperate condition of the country by reference to

> "the deadly depression of the tin plate trade, due to crushing foreign tariffs, which we have no means at present of modifying or counteracting,"

the quotation being the *Times* transcript of the speech. Well, we all know what has happened since then. 1907 was a record year in the tin plate trade. There has been nothing like it in the history of the Welsh tin plate trade. For the eleven months ended November the exports of tin and block plates were 438,817 tons, as compared with 448,579 for the whole twelve months of the "boom" year of 1891; and these figures do not include home consumption, which has increased, taking the same years, from 75,000 to 213,000 tons. A more complete falsification of a pretentious prophet it would be impossible to name, but undismayed by his chief's ludicrous ignorance of the real position of the trade, we have Mr. Garvin using the state of the tin plate industry to support his argument that Free Trade is ruining the country. Very recently the United States Steel Trust, with characteristic Yankee impudence, made a communication to the Welsh Tin Masters, in which it said in effect:—

> "Either buy a stipulated quantity of our bars or be smashed. If you do not buy our bars we will throw them into tin plates ourselves and cut the ground from under your feet in every market in which you do your business."

Ingenuous Mr. Garvin thinks this threat proof positive that "unless industrial tribute is submissively paid by this country the Welsh tin plate trade will be attacked at its base." The Welsh tin plate makers, who may be credited with having a pretty good knowledge of the conditions under which they are carrying on their business, do not share Mr. Garvin's alarm. Instead of going cap in hand to that curious philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie, and his Yankee partners, they treated the threat as mere bluff and promptly rejected the proposal. Mr. Garvin is likely to find himself as poor a prophet as his chief.

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.

For many years, indeed throughout its existence, this Company has been in a difficult position, and now it cannot pay its debenture interest, and is unable to issue fresh capital. Accordingly Parliament is to be requested to come to its relief once more. Under the Bill to be submitted the debenture holders will be asked: (1) To sanction the postponement of the payment of interest; (2) to sanction the payment of interest accrued, or accruing, in respect of debenture stock by means of deferred warrants; (3) to sanction the release or mortgage of certain properties and assets that they may be available for raising funds for the maintenance, repairs, or improvement of the Crystal Palace. It will be seen that the debenture holders are to be asked to give up a good deal, and they may prefer foreclosure.

Two years ago the Company had overspent its capital account by £32,000, and there was a debit against revenue of nearly £22,000. There was then a scheme of capital reorganisation in connection with a proposal to issue fresh capital in the shape of £50,000 of new preference shares. Unfortunately the arrangements for raising the extra £50,000 fell through, and in consequence the business of the Company has been conducted with great difficulty, and profits have fallen away. Now, however, negotiations are said to have ended in certain arrangements which have "very materially improved" the financial position of the Company, "as will appear when the accounts for the year 1907 are submitted," but shareholders may have to wait a long time for these accounts, seeing that the last accounts that were issued covered a period of six months to June 30th, 1905, only, and that the present report gives the figures for the ten months to the end of 1906. Taking these last figures, and comparing them with those of 1903, both being Handel Festival years, it will be found that the total receipts have fallen from £128,030 to £109,862, receipts from season tickets from £6,453 to £5,395, from admissions from £39,914 to £32,770, and from miscellaneous from £12,150 to £7,246. The decrease in total receipts was £18,168, only partly covered by a saving in expenditure of £9,801, over £10,000 being saved on the Handel Festival expenditure, and nearly £3,000 under the head of "Special Attractions."

From the public point of view it would be a very great pity if the Company had to go into liquidation without being able to reconstruct, and the property passed into the hands of that curse of his generation, the jerry builder. But, after all, commercial and not sentimental considerations must ultimately prevail, and those who have found the money to keep the Crystal Palace going are pretty sick of it. There are two facts of an encouraging character, the one that the Company has successfully appealed against its rating assessment, with the result that a saving of about £1,000 per annum will be effected, the other that a through service of electric trams from Croydon to the Crystal Palace Parade and to Penge is now running, which has already brought an increase of visitors to both entrances to the Palace.

"BUY WIGWAMS."

One of the latest of the American companies which have appointed agents in this country to sell their shares to a confiding public is the Wigwam Mining Company, with a capital of one million dollars in dollar shares. In the leaflet that is being scattered over the country figures are given of fifteen producing mines which are said to be making large profits, but it does not follow that the Wigwam property would pay to work, or, at any rate, that shareholders will ever get anything in the way of dividends. If we are to believe the leaflet before us, the property is exceptionally rich in gold. Says the leaflet:—

> "Buy an income for life by the price of one year's return. Cent for cent."

But if the property is so rich in gold, how is it that the Wigwam Mining Company is offering dollar shares at 1s. 3d. each? We need hardly add that we advise our readers to have nothing to do with this concern.

"PENN-WYOMINGS ARE FLAT."

According to the City Editor of the *Sunday Times* "Penn-Wyomings are flat at 2s." Some time ago the *Sunday Times*, in the intervals of booming American Rails, was telling its readers that Penn-Wyomings were good to buy at from 4s. to 5s., but then, as now, the writer must have known quite well that judged upon merits these shares would be dear at as many pence.

THE "INVESTOR'S BLUE BOOK."

The "Investor's Blue Book"—of which the 1908 edition is just to hand—is in its sixth year. It is an annual publica-

tion which gives a full summary of the essential facts regarding securities actively dealt in on London and provincial exchanges, and does not hesitate to express opinions. Details are given regarding capitalisation, past dividends, and reserve funds, while the weak and strong points of the latest balance sheets are carefully pointed out. In mining companies the ore reserves in sight and the estimated lives of the properties are given where possible, whilst the investment value of the shares is indicated. Altogether the present position of upwards of 1,000 companies is analysed and explained, with the highest and lowest fluctuations of their shares during the past five years. A new and useful feature of the 1908 edition consists of the details of the highest and lowest prices for five years of the chief metals and commodities whose fluctuations are of importance to investors, with special notes on the outlook for 1908 in each instance. Other contents include particulars regarding transfer fees, etc., the Trustee Act, Bank rates, railroad traffics, and other miscellaneous information of daily utility to the investor. The "Investor's Blue Book" (400 pages) is published by the "Investor's Chronicle," Tower Chambers, London Wall, E.C., at half-a-crown, and is thus brought within the reach of the small investor, whose requirements it is specially designed to meet.

We have to acknowledge the 1908 edition of Mathieson's "Handbook for Investors" (Effingham Wilson, 54, Threadneedle Street, E.C.). This most useful and handy publication is too well known to business men to require detailed notice. It is sufficient to say that the new edition is in every way equal in excellence to its predecessors.

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Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—A. G. H. (Bristol).—We should be inclined to put the lot into the shares of the North-Eastern Breweries Company. SMALL INVESTOR (Leeds).—See answer to A. G. H. (Bristol). GILT EDGE (South Shields).—You will be fairly safe in buying some more Associated Newspaper ordinary shares, and you might add to them some of the North-Eastern Breweries ordinary.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—M. B. B. (Birmingham).—We are afraid we must delay for a little extended reference to the matter referred to in your letter, but meantime we thank you for it.

ANGLO-SPANISH COPPER COMPANY.—W. T. (Wigan).—We can only repeat what we have already said—that we agree with your view of the matter. We return your papers.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—H. W. T. (West Norwood).—The Association is financially strong and is well managed. As to the advisability of taking out a Bond, if you decide to do so, be sure and read the conditions before you apply for it. We have always thought there are great objections to thirty-year Bonds, but you could get shorter ones if you desire to do so; and if you decide to deal with the Association, we should advise you to take a shorter term Bond. BONDHOLDER (Clapham).—The Association would give you about a third of the moneys you have paid in. Of course, your loss would be heavy, but you would have great difficulty in getting more from outside, unless you happen to have an acquaintance to whom a Bond which has been paid upon for so many years would be attractive. We never advise the purchase of these thirty-years' Bonds. It is giving too big a hostage to fortune.

A MANCHESTER BANK.—MANCHESTER COCKNEY (Manchester).—We have no information respecting this bank. Why not deal with one of the better-known banking institutions of your city?

BRITISH HOUSE AND LAND COMPANY.—HOUSE PURCHASE (Stockport).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should not do so.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.—B. B. S. (Walthamstow).—You need be under no apprehension. Your shares represent a sound investment.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—W. M. (Redbourn).—The answer to your question is in the affirmative, but we should not advise the course you propose to take.

TRANSFER OF SAVINGS.—F. J. M. (Bowes Park).—Our advice to you would be to leave the money in the Savings Bank, where there is absolute security; but if you *will* change, go to the Penny Bank rather than to the other you name. CONSTANT READER (Clapham Road).—We think you would be very unwise to transfer your savings from the Savings Bank in order to buy with them Premium Bonds.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—META (Penzance).—We do not advise deposit with the concern you name. Your better way would be to buy shares in some sound industrial company, which might be sold immediately should you at any time want capital, and in the meantime would give you a return of 5 or 6 per cent.

THE COLT GUN AND CARRIAGE COMPANY (South Hackney).—We are afraid there is nothing for it but to pay the calls. The "united action" of which you speak has been over long delayed, and the only certainty about it would be the outlay it would necessitate—an outlay that more likely than not you would find to be irrecoverable.

PURCHASE OF BOND.—W. D. (Abergwynfi).—We are glad to know that the Bond has at last been delivered to you.

VALUE OF BOND.—X. Y. Z. (Kilburn).—We regret to say that your Bonds are of no marketable value.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.—X. (Westminster).—We have nothing to add to what we have said on this subject in previous issues.

WOOLWICH BUILDING SOCIETY.—MELOX (Aylesford).—(1) It is a well-managed society. (2) A dividend upon the ordinary shares of the Associated Portland Cement Company is still in the dim and distant future. The Company was greatly over-capitalised.

THE BRITISH HOMES CORPORATION, LIMITED.—M. P. (Camberwell).—Not very.

PURCHASE OF MINING SHARES.—S. H. (Teignmouth).—It would be a very speculative purchase, and, as apparently you have not much surplus to play with, our advice to you is to have nothing to do with mining shares.

THE PRICE OF METAL.—H. E. D. (Aberystwyth).—We do not think there is much likelihood of immediate improvement.

CITY OF PARIS BONDS.—J. W. (North Malvern).—(1) The best paper for seeing the results of the City of Paris as well as of other drawings is the "Belgian Bi-Monthly Moniteur," annual subscription 4s. (2) Coupons may be paid in through any banker for collection. (3) There is no reliable English paper that gives results of foreign drawings. Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., foreign bankers, who deal in these Bonds, undertake to watch the numbers of all Bonds they sell.

UNDRAWN BONDS AND DRAWINGS.—J. W. W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—(1) The lists of unclaimed drawn Bonds of the Ottoman, Panama Canal, and Congo may be obtained—Ottoman 2s. 6d., Panama 2s. 6d., Congo 1s. 6d.—from Constantinople, Paris, and Brussels respectively. (2) The annual subscription for obtaining immediate results of these drawings is as above. It would be cheaper for you to subscribe to the "Belgian Bi-Monthly Moniteur," annual subscription 4s., which, besides containing the results of the drawings, publishes periodically a list of unclaimed drawn Bonds.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—M. J. M. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You cannot read this page, or you would know that we are constantly advising our readers not to have dealings with either of the firms you name. KENT (Aberdeen).—You had much better deal with members of the Stock Exchange.

BARSEIE TIN MINE.—CRICKET (Lewisham).—It is doubtful. For the first half of last year the profit was £43,000, but with the fall in the price of tin it is unlikely that last year's dividend can be maintained. Messrs. Lake and Currie, the consulting engineers to the Company, report that the present rate of output can be regularly maintained "for some time to come." The shares represent a very speculative purchase, their value being dependent upon the price of tin, with the possibilities in connection with the Bingaroona area.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—M. L. M. (Bournemouth).—We do not recommend deposits in institutions offering such a high rate of interest.

MINING SHARES.—A. W. (Sleaford).—Our opinion is that Pahangs, notwithstanding their recent heavy fall, will go much lower. The rise of some months ago was, in our judgment, in no way warranted upon merits. Kaffirs Consolidated own properties that ought to be very valuable by and bye, but we see little likelihood of any immediate rise in the price of the shares. Sunderland District Trams seem to be doing a little better.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION.—A. J. G. (Islington).—Have nothing to do with these people.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—READER (South Shields).—The answer is in the negative.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—A. B. (Lincoln).—You say you have a friend who twelve months ago took out a £100 Bond with this Company, but finds that this amount would not be of much use to him. He has paid in nine monthly instalments, and wants to know if he can recover. No, nor is it reasonable to ask it. If he takes a Bond that is "not of much use to him," and will not pay up the instalments as they become due, he must bear the loss.

POSITION OF COMPANY.—E. J. F. (Hook).—(1) It is not good. (2) No.

HOUSE PURCHASE.—JOHN (Dowlais).—Try the Birkbeck Building Society.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.—M. H. (Newport).—If the Insurance Company named refused to continue your policy on the ground of age after you had been paying 34 years, and on that ground only, their action seems difficult to justify. Have you had any correspondence with the office? If so, let us see it—their letters as well as your own.

ACCOUNT AT BANK OF ENGLAND.—W. T. (Putney).—Before you could open an account with the Bank of England it would be necessary for you to submit satisfactory references, and the Bank would require you to keep a larger balance than is usually a condition of a bank account elsewhere.

MEASURES BROS.—RUSTICAN (Cheltenham).—Dividends have varied considerably since the formation of the Company in 1899. We see little likelihood of recovery in quotation.

BROKEN HILL BLOCK COMPANY.—H. B. (Dundee).—Reports are good, but, of course, the fall in the price of the metals produced by the mine has seriously affected profits.

THE UNION-PACIFIC.—INVESTOR (Plymouth).—There is much in what you say, and we do not dispute the great value of the property and its investments. But net earnings declined, it is as well to remember, $1,235,000 in the first four months of the current financial year, although it is quite possible that the shrinkage in net earnings owing to the depression, taking the whole year, will not be very great. But we think English investors had better leave American rails to American investors.

DOINGS IN MALT.—B.—Your statements are too serious to be published except upon ample proof of their correctness. Send us the proof and we will expose the fraud.

PERUVIAN CORPORATION.—SHAREHOLDER (Bristol).—The income of the Corporation increases, more especially from the deposits of guano, and the settlement at last effected with the Government of Peru is of good augury. On the whole, we should be inclined to hold for the present.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.—W. F. (Brixton).—The price is now a trifle over 160, and, taking into account the issue of new stock at par, the net price to the purchaser is about 150, which represents a yield of 4½ per cent., assuming the 7 per cent. dividend to be maintained, as no doubt it will be.

GUARANTEE TO COLLIERY.—CONSTANT READER (Newport).—We know of no Guarantee Society that would give the security you ask for. Upon reflection you will, we think, see that any company that did business of that kind would soon be in the Bankruptcy Court. Quite possibly it might be done in your case without loss, but how is the guaranteeing Society to know that?

ALLSOPP'S.—STOCKHOLDER (Sunderland).—We should sell. In our judgment, things will go worse with the Company before they are better.

"THE THRONE," LIMITED.—ONE WHO WAS DONE (London).—The Company is in liquidation, and the newspaper, its only asset, has been sold by the Court. You can get nothing back. We may possibly deal with the Company's record shortly.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner

THE HOLLIDAY CASE.

PROMISED RELEASE: CONTINUED DETENTION.

A Strange Case.

In referring to this case in our last issue to repudiate the suggestion that in our article under the head of "The Priest and the Girl" we assumed that Canon St. John was in any way responsible for sending Holliday's daughter to a penitentiary, or keeping her there, we added:—

> "The fact remains that, with a good home and a good wife, he (Holliday) is not permitted to have her (his daughter) back."

On Monday last Mr. E. Pack, of 20, Iverson Road, Brondesbury, N.W., who has interested himself in the matter, received the following letter signed by G. Blackwell, and dated from Whitehall, December 28th, 1907:—

> "With reference to previous correspondence in regard to the child Dorothy Holliday, of St. Mary's Industrial School, West Croydon, I am directed by the Secretary of State to say that, having received from His Majesty's Chief Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools a favourable report upon the new home of the girl's father, he has decided to discharge the child to her father's care, and has this day issued a warrant for that purpose."

The first comment we have to make on this letter is that it is very strange that it should be addressed to Mr. E. Pack, instead of to the child's father, who has been doing his utmost for a long time past to recover his child; and we should like to know why it is that Mr. Gladstone has now been persuaded that it is his duty to restore the child to her father, when on November 5th last he caused a letter to be written to Mr. Pack in the following terms:—

> "I am desired by the Secretary of State to inform you that he has carefully considered your application for the discharge of Dorothy Holliday from the St. Mary's Industrial School, Croydon, and I am to acquaint you that he cannot, consistently with his public duty, comply with the application."

What has happened between November 5th and December 2nd to induce Mr. Gladstone to see the matter in a different light, and to consent to the release he had previously refused? The circumstances upon which the Home Secretary rested his decision when instructing the earlier letter to be written were identical, so far as the merits go, with the circumstances upon which he rested his contrary decision of December 28th. The home that is now said to be a proper home is the same home that was open to the girl at the time of the first letter. Can it be that JOHN BULL has been the means of inducing Mr. Gladstone's advisers in the matter to see it in a different light?

However that may be, the child remains in the Penitentiary. On December 28th Mr. Gladstone informed Mr. Pack that he had decided to release the child. As we write (January 6th), she is still in the Penitentiary. On December 2nd, the child's father addressed the following letter to the Home Secretary:—

> "I was informed by Mr. Pack that he had received from you on Monday last an intimation that an order for the release of my daughter from the West Croydon industrial and reformatory establishment had been issued from the Home Department. I think it exceedingly strange that she has not yet arrived home (Thursday), and am naturally anxious regarding her safety. If it is necessary that I call and fetch her, I shall be happy indeed to do so. At the same time I take this opportunity of pointing out that it occurs to me, as a father, that I, too, ought to have been acquainted with this amended decision on your part.
>
> "Apparently I am regarded as a cypher. Nevertheless I take the liberty of breathing and making so bold as to enquire when I may look to have my child restored to me."

To this, Holliday has received the following reply, dated January 3rd, and signed H. D. Chalney:—

> "I am directed by the Secretary of State for the Home Department to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of December 2nd."

A courteous intimation to Mr. Pack, who has nothing to do with the child, save that he has interested himself to procure her release from the Penitentiary, that she will be released, a curt acknowledgment of the father's letter asking why she is not released. Does the Home Office think that no consideration should be shown to a father, or is it that the father is under a ban because he has appealed to JOHN BULL to help him?

Now, Mr. Gladstone, do please see that Dorothy Holliday is sent to her father without further delay.

THE HURLY BURLY.

THE SUN THAT NEVER SETS AND SELDOM RISES.

By Theodore Dahle.

Some people have questioned whether any good could come out of Utah. Utah, you know, is the American State wherein an enterprising gentleman named Brigham Young, now departed elsewhere, had a Divine call to take unto himself seventeen wives, fifty-six children, and two million dollars. But that is by-the-way. What I wish to emphasise is that out of Utah has come an idea which might be copied with advantage in England. Its author is a Mr. Charles A. Quigley. He has started an organisation the object of which is to create an Optimists' Club in every city, town, hamlet, and village under the Stars and Stripes. I do not know whether Mr. Charles A. Quigley is a Mormon, or whether he has more wives than I have, but I crave leave to take off my hat to him. He is a long-felt want.

The proportion of pessimists in this world is as 100 to 1, and I hold that the majority is too large. I hold that the optimists ought to have a bigger representation. As Mr. Quigley remarks, "there are more people dying each day for the lack of a kind word, a pat on the back, and a little encouragement than there are from disease." Pessimists are as common as babies, and dogs, and pianos, and hurdy-gurdies. You run up against them at every street corner, and all the news they ever have to tell you is that it was shocking bad weather yesterday, that it will be shocking bad weather to-day, and that early preparations should be made for shocking bad weather to-morrow. They are the prophets of calamity and woe.

Nobody can afford to be a pessimist, for nobody can afford to pay cent.-per-cent., cash down, for the privilege of borrowing to-day the trouble he doesn't want to-morrow. I would like to see an Optimists' Club in every street, for I believe it would be at least as beneficent as a pub. or a church. There is the authority of the *Daily Telegraph* for stating that life is not all inebriating refreshment and the game you play in an alley. It seems an equally safe proposition that life is not all thunder and lightning and the hump you observe on the camel, either. If only the educational system of this country would teach people how to acquire a healthy liver in place of worrying them with dead Latin and deader Greek, the sun upon which the British Empire never sets would rise more often. What our educational system neglects to teach our Optimists' Clubs could undertake.

Believe me, the world is all right. It is a very good world. There is nothing at all the matter with it, and, speaking for myself, I shall be exceedingly sorry when I have no further use for it. Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile. What troubles the world, and the only thing which ever has troubled it, is man's shocking bad liver. That redeemed, the Millennium will come, and you can look for me in the three-guinea boxes.

The pessimists have somehow got it into their heads that because they cannot see the sunny side of life, therefore "there ain't no sich a thing." They have liver blindness. But your optimist is always looking for the sunny side, and, when he finds it, prefers to stay there. The other side is no good to anybody; it is too near the cemetery. Your optimist knows how to laugh. As Josh Billings used to say, man waz not made tew mourn', man waz made tew laff; he iz the onla creetur or thing thet God made tew laugh out lowd. "Therefore," he added, "I say tew awl men and wommin, stop crying and go tew laffing; you will laff longer and git fatter, and stand jest as good a chance fer hevin with a smile on your face as yew will with it leaking at every pore." This is as pleasant wine to a thirsty soul, and good news from a far country.

When an optimist is not laughing he is smiling. I do not say that everybody who smiles is an optimist; far from it. There are smiles that would lend you tuppence and smiles that would pick your pocket. A smile, a genuine smile, is a laugh you cannot hear; not the photographic smirk of an actress on a picture postcard. I loathe the smile that won't come off as much as I dislike the smile that never gets on. To smile at the world like a man who learns that a rich uncle he never knew has unexpectedly died in a place he has never seen, and who expects to draw upon the real and personal estate in the morning, is the smile you want to get hold of, because it represents an expectant attitude towards the good things of life. But nobody can expect to get hold of that kind of smile unless he turns his face to the world hopefully, gladly, and courageously, leaving the croakers to find what joy they may in their croaking.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Sale Time—Its Fascination and Its Danger.

The sales are in full swing, and shopkeepers are rubbing their hands gleefully, as splendid business is being done. Of course the very fact that money still seems all too scarce makes the occasion of the sales the more popular. The times when such opportunities can be haughtily disregarded are the piping times of prosperity, when the stockbroker or merchant husband can afford to shower golden guineas upon his wife, and to sometimes double his daughter's quarterly dress allowance, as a little surprise. Several years ago only shops of a particular class indulged in "After-Season" sales. They were those big, pushing establishments that depended almost entirely upon the rapidity of their turnover. But in this practical age, shops of high and low degree alike have learnt the lesson that a quick sale is more advantageous in the long run than are great profits on a comparatively few garments. Unquestionably, also, the speed with which one whim of Fashion now follows another has much to do with the shopkeeper's willingness to get rid of his stock by this enticing method.

But to make sale-buying a profitable matter to the customer, considerable taste, and, above all, much judgment, is required. Goods we really do not want are dear at any price. (Please note those words of wisdom!) Yet how easy is it to arrive home from the bargain counters possessed of tumbled millinery; blouses that do not fit; dresses that will be distinctly old-fashioned in a couple of months; odd lengths of material that are too short for any reasonable purpose; and numerous belts, ties, and a dozen other little extravagances that we find on reflection we do not require? The really essential requirement in a bargain-hunter is a happy combination of sober reason that will not allow its possessor to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, together with a certain instinct concerning the trend of Fashion. Failing these, it generally turns out more economical in the long run to go to a reliable shop on an ordinary occasion, and purchase calmly and quietly just what is required.

The Success of the Amethyst.

A leading jeweller tells me that the amethyst has been the stone that has sold most largely for Christmas gifts this year. This information is in no way surprising, as this gem combines the—alas!—somewhat unusual qualities of cheapness and beauty. True, the exquisite deep-hued violet stones are, and doubtless will always be, very costly, yet the moderate-priced, lighter-coloured specimens have a charm that is all their own. In this advanced century we wear ornaments more for the sake of their intrinsic charm and decorative value, and less to show off the spending capacity of our men-folk, than our feminine predecessors were wont to do in bygone days. But for all that the amethyst, for some time unfashionable, owes its revival in public favour not only to a modern "high-art" recognition of the beautiful as opposed to the merely costly, but to the steady patronage of two royal ladies. Our own Queen—whose favourite colour is heliotrope in all its shades—naturally admires, and often wears, the jewel that is of this hue; the other distinguished wearer is Queen Helena of Italy. A popular method of cutting the amethyst at present is as round beads, made up into necklaces of a length to lie round the base of the collar in the day-time, or the pit of the throat in evening dress. Superstition gives the amethyst to February as a birth-stone, and declares the meaning to be fidelity.

The Economising of Fur-Skins.

An ingenious method has been contrived this year for utilising a limited number of valuable sable skins to the best advantage. They are not cut at all, in order to form the shape of the stole, but are just laid out flat, the spaces between and around them on the satin foundation being formed of brown kilted chiffon. An original muff made to sell with such a stole, had its front made in the form of a loose flap, beneath which was concealed a usefully ample pocket. The openings for the hands were finished by voluminous frills of the brown kilted chiffon.

A PRETTY GIRL; A PRETTY COSTUME—AND A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

John Bull has received many compliments from his readers this festive season, and he is deeply grateful for them—one and all. The following is a specimen of the way in which our readers flatter us. It represents Miss Queenie Cooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Saul Cooper, of 48, Rectory Road, Stoke Newington, in a fancy ball costume, as she appeared at Gothic House, Stoke Newington, on Friday last, January 3rd. The costume was, we understand, designed and made by Mrs. Cooper, and we are not surprised to hear that little Queenie was the centre of attraction as she went about the ball-room distributing copies of John Bull. We have had the pleasure of making her personal acquaintance, and can only say that she is as sweet as she looks.

Miss Queenie Cooper at a Fancy Dress Ball.

INDIGESTION
CAN ALWAYS BE CURED

There is no need to suffer from indigestion. Mother Seigel's Syrup cures it—really cures it—because it removes the cause. Mother Seigel's Syrup makes your stomach and liver strong and active, and that is the end of indigestion. It also cleanses your system and sends the glow of health throughout your body. Read this:—

"Five years ago I was racked with indigestion, afraid to eat or tortured with pain in the chest whenever I dared to do so. But at last I found my cure in Mother Seigel's Syrup. It is a grand medicine."—From Mr. Sharpe, Overstrand, 10, Riviera Terrace, Riviera Drive, Southend-on-Sea. August 21, 1907.

By MOTHER
SEIGEL'S
SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared
IN TABLET FORM
and sold under the name of Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets. Price 2/9—one size only.

What is Your Number?
FIFTY NUMBERS DRAWN WEEKLY.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 39.

TAME CATS.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

I heard a lady talking somewhat contemptuously the other day about a young officer as "a tame cat." I asked her what she meant by that phrase, but as is sometimes the case with her sex, she was not able to give a convincing definition. The nearest she could get to one was: "Oh, a fluffy little man, who is useful for handing about bread and butter, and whose head it is a pleasure to stroke." I asked if he could carry parcels. She replied, yes he could, but that was only one of the subsidiary qualifications of a tame cat. Of course he had to bring flowers, and supply theatre-tickets, and call cabs, and he must have a soft, purring voice, and he must never, never dream of getting angry, not even the least little bit huffy, and, above all, he should never be in the way. "Yes," she explained, clapping her hands, "now I have found it. The definition of a tame cat is that he never matters. You need not bother about him. You might even ask him to do up your bodice, and no one would dream of objecting."

The Sex of Tame Cats.

I suggested that tame cats must be female. One always says "she" when one means the cat. But I was told that a tame cat is feminine, not female. A female cat is never quite sufficiently placid to be tame. Question: Then, is the tame cat invariably platonic? Answer: Not necessarily, but he never makes advances. At the same time he must be very nice when he is expected to allow himself to be loved. He must purr gratefully when he is given any cream, but he must never mind or show any jealousy if he be suddenly sent away to make room for some worthier animal. He should be able to play or sing, or paint or write, or at any rate prattle prettily whenever anyone wants to be amused. He will soon grow accustomed to be kicked, both literally and metaphorically.

Political Tame Cats.

What a number of tame cats seem to drift into politics! Some of them begin as private secretaries and ingratiate themselves with their master's wife, and are then pushed forward into some snug little berth as secretaries to societies for propagating some absurd fad or other. A tame cat is the very man to look after the interests of "dumb friends," or to plead for homes of rest for aged horses or actresses, or to shepherd the less militant Suffragettes. At a drawing-room meeting he is quite capable of passing the milk. At a Primrose League function he may be used as a foil to the performing dogs, or be invited to lend his hat to the conjuror. When he aspires to higher distinctions, you may see him on a platform delivering platitudes in a high piping voice, or engaging in hair-splitting academic dissertations, which bore a popular audience to extinction. He either has the sub-acid voice of a water-drinker, London County Councillor, or Fellow of All Souls' Oxford, or else the oily, glutinous drawl of the self-satisfied, self-indulgent, sedentary dyspeptic. When he is puniest, flabbiest, most anæmic, he tells us in his falsetto about the beauty of fighting for the Empire, about the necessity of imposing conscription upon everybody younger than himself; he screams and chatters in favour of bloodshed, and would declare immediate war on the whole of Europe, denouncing as a skulking coward everybody who does not rush in where he fears to tread. And he will be very proud of his own prowess when he has been to a toy rifle-range and brought down a few lead soldiers. In theory there was surely never anyone so bold or brave as this tame neuter cat.

The Tame Cats of Literature.

Literature has always been noted for the feline amenities of its votaries. But there are authors who spend their lives in rubbing their heads against the knees of the great or in making advances to other tame cats who may be able to help them in the small pastime of log-rolling. In the eighteenth century, when there was not a sufficient public to make literature pay, tame cats usually solicited the patronage of the rich or the great, who might generally be looked upon as good for a few scraps to keep body and soul together. A dedication, or an ode, or a shameless puff would be rewarded with dinners or guineas contemptuously bestowed. Of course, your literary tame cat of the present day would never humiliate himself in that fashion, at any rate, for so slender a reward. But he will flatter the great vulgar public, he will sink to its level, and may often attain to some temporary prosperity thereby. I am sure I need not mention any names, for the most notorious culprits are on all men's lips. Then we have the ignoble army of minor poets, and the unhappy epigrammatists of Bohemian clubs.

Tame Cats' Clubs.

In all my experience of life, I think I have rarely experienced anything more dismal and degrading than the functions of these so-called clubs, which very often are nothing more than associations for supplying bad jokes and bad dinners and opportunities for the reciprocal glorification of nonentities. A pale young man with an impossible collar will rise to propose a toast. He will take no notice of his subject, but simply reel off a number of idiotic phrases, most of them a mere inversion of well-known proverbs, none of them very far above the level of the ordinary Limerick writer, and you may note his simpers whenever his listeners are moved to titters resembling the crackling of very flabby thorns under broken pots. Usually your literary hack is a critic, but sometimes he actually does write. The only thing he is capable of producing is what he himself would describe as strong, but which I should prefer to call nasty. I suppose that most tame cats have low minds.

Naval and Military Tame Cats.

Perhaps the last place where you would expect to find these horrid little animals is in the Navy and the Army. But, owing to the survival of interest in those services, the brutes are not unknown. They give themselves great airs, they are often rude to ladies, they think of nothing but their good looks and the magnificence of their uniforms, and they utterly refuse to associate with anybody much poorer than themselves. They are, of course, anything but typical officers, but there are certainly too many of them. Whenever some awful disaster happens in warfare, it is generally safe to bet that one of them is responsible for it. Of course, I know that in bygone times, it used to be said that "the dandies can fight," but a dandy and a tame cat are not precisely the same thing.

If I say very much more on this unsavoury subject, I shall have the Censor down upon me with his scissors. So I will conclude by saying that I am glad I have found room in which to swing a few tame cats, and that, perhaps another day, I will attempt to bell a few more.

Grand Prix with Gold Medal for the "Ajax" Battery.

AN AWARD AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

At the International Exhibition held at the Crystal Palace last summer, the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was submitted to the special Medical Section. It met with the unanimous approval of the members of that distinguished committee, who awarded the Diploma for Grand Prix, with Gold Medal, to this health-giving battery. The award also specially mentions the electric system.

This coveted honour is unique in the history of electric body batteries. It is a step far in advance of any yet achieved. No body battery has previously secured such a distinction. The Committee not only endorses the excellence of the battery, but the electric system of which it is a masterpiece. This award will do much to dissipate any illusion which even the most sceptical person may entertain.

It is grand to put on an electric battery while lying down resting, and feel its exhilarating influence in every nerve and muscle. There is no inconvenience attached to it in any way. One hour's daily application is sufficient. There is not the slightest shock or irritation, but a gentle, soothing warmth that goes direct to the nerve centres. That kind of electricity cures, and the cure it gives is permanent.

How much more pleasant it is to be cured in this way, while resting, than to be pouring medicine into the poor, weakened stomach until it is impossible to do without it. This drug habit grows on one like the whisky habit; and no wonder, as alcohol forms the chief ingredient of many preparations. It is simply adding more poison to the weakened organs. Why not stop it?

Rheumatic sufferers, those crippled with lumbago, sciatica, or gout, the victim of weakened stomach, kidneys, liver, bowels, or bladder; the person with the shattered nervous system and suffering from Paralysis, Epilepsy, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Neuralgia, or Heart Trouble, should seek a restoration of health in the electric cure. Don't say, "It might not do any good." It will do you good if you resort to the right means. It will cure you.

Write at once to The British Electric Institute, (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and you will receive by return post the most valuable book ever published on the subject. If near enough to call, please come and test the power of electricity free.—[Advt.]

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That elevation to the peerage is a form of political punishment.
That the Earl of Crewe is very "cocky."
That Little Tich is claiming the Tichborne estates.
That Mr. Gamage does *not* understand the art of advertising.
That Mr. Justice Darling likes his "Little Wooden Hut."
That, in voting £10,000 for schcol flagstaffs, the L.C.C. is "up the pole."
That Mr. Plowden is *not* tired of the D uce case.
That Caldwell intends to hange his name to "Caldback."
That, apropos Socialism, folks are saying "the proof of the pudding's in the Batter-see?"
That JOHN BULL will have another Limerick.

It is reported that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is to be made a peer. Good Lord!

Mr. Tesla is establishing a wireless apparatus to communicate with Mars. If he succeeds, messages will no doubt be sent at "space" rates.

American scientists have decided that the number thirteen is really unlucky. We still prefer thirteen sovereigns to twelve.

The Bishop of Chichester says his office is not going to be "a feather bed." That will depend upon his "flock."

"No woman is quite certain she is plain," says Pulitzer. She can always find redeeming features.

"Don't be alarmed at an occasional miss," says a financial article. The "hard hits" scare us more.

"I believe there is no man who desires the peace of the world more genuinely than the German Emperor," says Mr. Haldane. The only question is the size of the piece.

Boston, U.S.A., has instituted a club, the members of which are pledged to drink nothing but milk after 8 p.m. They must be a rum lot.

Twelve million tons of sand have been dredged from the Mersey Channel during the past twelve months. The quality of Mersey is now strained.

A Mr. Adcock, of Nottingham, has received from the War Office a medal and clasp for the Fenian raid of 1866. The War Office reading is evidently "It's never too late to send."

"There are 'clock watchers' in every country," says Mr. Gamage. Most people are looking for "tick."

"Hope is very cheap," says F. Marion Crawford. Yet nobody likes to lose it.

The Hungarian Premier recently fought a duel with M. Polonyi, formerly a Minister in his Cabinet. The polony got wurst-ed.

"Man's Heart Stitched," reads a heading. Hard to beat.

SOME NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS:—
Miss Spankhurst will keep mice.
Keir Hardie will stay at home and mind his own business.
Hall Caine will not advertise.
Mr. Asquith will "take care of the pence."
Miss Phyllis Dare will complete her education.
Mr. Birrell will swallow no more Irish.
President Roosevelt will practise resignation.
Mr. Lloyd-George will become a "ready reckoner."
Pearson's parrot will acquire a new "wheeze."
The Hon. (?) Yarde-Buller will study "Coventry."
Zbysco will go in for keeping fouls.
The House of Commons will do some work.
The M.C.C. team will not go out without its Gunn.
The House of Lords will learn to play second fiddle.
Dinizulu will keep in mind his "Natal" days.
The Tube railways will provide better fare.

Some of the Cambridge "undergrads" have been entertaining a stranger, but they did not take him in. He saw to that.

"Limerick Prize as Evidence," reads a heading. Of insanity, we presume.

The supply of men dancers at the Paris opera threatens to fail. Some of our unemployed should embrace the hopportunity.

The first wedding in the village of Allonby, Northumberland, during 1907, took place on December 31. As it is written, "The first shall be last."

GRAND NEW OPPORTUNITY!

A MOST WONDERFUL SYSTEM FULLY EXPLAINED.

MAKING MONEY "BOTH WAYS."

A CLEVER BOOK FREE TO "JOHN BULL" READERS.

Who wants to make money? Why, everyone, provided there are opportunities which do not involve heavy risks or wild speculation.

There is a remarkable money-making system now being introduced into this country by a leading firm of financiers and bankers which shows how those with even small sums of money may use the same to obtain large gains.

The investment of capital in stock, and waiting for a rise to gain a profit, or a drop to lose the amount invested, is a very old system, and can only appeal to the rich, especially at a time like the present, when nearly all classes of stocks are inclined to drop.

Under the new system, however, the investor makes money if his stock rises, and, what is quite remarkable, he makes money if the stock falls—all under the same operation. Thus every investor has a double chance of making money, and a glance at a list of the business done on the Stock Exchange (as given in any newspaper) will show that practically all classes of public stock move daily; and under this new system the investor need not trouble whether it rises or falls, for whichever way it moves he makes money.

As may be supposed, only a large and responsible firm could introduce such a remarkable money-making system to the public, and the Stock Exchange and Banking Company, Limited, are to be congratulated on their enterprise.

This well-known firm of expert financiers, with a large capital, has issued a wonderfully interesting and instructive work which tells all about this most modern method of money-making, and no reader of JOHN BULL should fail to send for a copy at the earliest possible moment. The book, whilst being a sound financial treatise, deals popularly and explicitly with money-making matters, particularly with the system of "making money both ways."

We can imagine no more fascinating money-making proposition to offer to the public, and the greatest enthusiasm has already been aroused.

"Double Options," as the new system is called, will appeal to every class of investor, for sums so small as £5 may be utilised and invested for the purpose of making large gains. It is probable that never before has a proposition been placed on the market whereby a double profit may be made on one transaction. Not only are you practically certain to make a profit at once on your investment, but it is possible, under certain conditions, to make a still further profit.

We should like more fully to describe this new system, but must refer all JOHN BULL readers to the interesting book above mentioned. This work will give you complete details of the system here dealt with, and will show you how, by investing the smallest sums, you may stand to make huge profits.

It has been decided to send the present edition of this book free of cost to the public. Therefore, every reader who writes, mentioning JOHN BULL, for a copy of "Double Options," as the book is called, will receive one gratis and post paid.

Therefore all applicants should send their letter or post-card to-day.

All communications should be addressed, The Stock Exchange and Banking Co., Ltd., 20, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

We may add that if any special advice on financial matters is required, the same will be given free if full particulars are stated when the application for the book is sent.—[ADVT.]

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"BLACK
&
WHITE"
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Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE in 1/- Tins. SOLD EVERYWHERE.
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Your own promissory note discounted from £20 to £5000 at following rates of repayment.

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NO FEES OR PUBLICITY.

ONE AND ALL
SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.
WHAT 1/- A MONTH WILL DO.
Ensure £1 a week for any Sickness.
Ensure £1 a week for any Accident.
Ensure £10 at Death.
(Not exceeding, but according to the number of Members).
Claims paid on sight.
No other Association offers such liberal terms.
Are you in a club? If so, compare Payments and Benefits.
Prospectus and press comments forwarded post free.
AGENTS REQUIRED ON SALARY AND COMMISSION.
Chief Offices: 26, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, LONDON.

Blackburn Education Committee have decided to dispense with the services of mistresses and assistant-mistresses who commit matrimony. Hard. First they lose their name, then they lose their job.

Complaining to the Tottenham magistrates that her husband "swore awfully," a lady has been informed that a man may swear as much as he likes in his own house. He cannot even be charged with attempted arson.

A *Times* correspondent has been wounded by Kurds. O the Times, O the manners!

The *Evening News* has a long article on The Decline of the Donkey. Our contemporary is misinformed.

According to *Truth*, the chief requirement of the moment is a new conscience. Wrong. The chief requirement is a fuller cash-box.

Lieutenant Shackleton will endeavour to reach the South Pole by motor-car. He will be tyred before he gets there.

Mr. Francis Thompson, the poet, has died leaving £95 worth of estate. He seems to have made good money by his poetry; good, but not much of it.

New York's latest drink is "Paradise"—a mixture of rum and gin. It should be re-christened. That drink is not spiritual, but spirituous.

At a Burton-on-Trent wedding, the bride and bridegroom were presented with a squealing pig at the door of the church. It is understood that pig has since had a roasting.

The conductor of an omnibus was recently fined for allowing his vehicle to "loiter." This opens up a wide field for the police.

"Holidays help a man to develop," says the *Field*. Yes—debts.

It is asked in a contemporary who is the most popular English-speaking novelist. The one who sells the most paper.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw reveals the fact that he was once employed as a clerk at £18 a year. Then his life was all work. Now it is all play.

Under-waistcoats of brown paper are advocated for cold weather. There is no better material for wrapping-up.

From Trafalgar Square a "man in an iron mask" has started to walk round the world for an alleged wager of 100,000 dollars. He will wheel a perambulator all the way. Evidently a pushing sort of man.

"Chuck" Connors has been conducting Lady Duff Gordon round New York's Chinatown. He says "her nobs can stand acid." Perhaps her ladyship will explain.

Mr. Ginnell, M.P., was arrested on the Monday before Christmas. What a goose!

At Blackburn, a party of 23 men have consumed 1,300 oysters. At Christmas some people are all for larks. These were all for swallows.

According to a morning paper, non-smokers get on women's nerves. No wonder. They are so fond of puffing themselves.

When you ask for a cookery book, see that you get it. Misled by the title of "The Inner Man," Mrs. Bull was furious on discovering it was simply a collection of "Biblical studies."

"A Spinner in the Sun" (Putnam's) is doubtless a treatise on diabolo.

A man whose wife presented him with twins named them Kato and Duplicate. On the same thing occurring again, he labelled them Peter and Repeater. But a third dose proved the last straw, so he finished up with Max and Climax.

"There is a slump in muffins," said a man at the Stratford Court recently. That means that muffins are going down. What *does* he want?

In Washington they have a negro named Henry Green who can't stop laughing. They should call him "Yeller."

"Not a farthing have I earned as a result of the three months' herring fishing," declared a Yarmouth fisherman. No catch.

"A beautiful woman without brains is like a flower without perfume," says Arthur Applin. She has no "scents."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S WORK IN PARLIAMENT.—*We are reprinting in pamphlet form a summary of our Editor's work in the House of Commons, which recently appeared in the "Hackney and Kingsland Gazette," and shall be happy to send a copy to any reader of* JOHN BULL *on application.*

MR. GEO. WARD, the Manchester District Secretary of the National Free Labour Association, writes protesting against our recent award of a biscuit to him for the alleged statement that "in the event of the whole of the members of the A.S.R.S. coming out on strike, the Association could have filled their places in 48 hours." He denies that he ever made such a statement, and informs us that what he said was that "all the vacancies that would occur on the railways would be filled by the Association in 24 hours." His own view is that, even had a strike occurred, not more than 10,000 men would have come out—but that, of course, is entirely a matter of opinion, and is quite contrary to our own view of the case. However, we have no desire to do Mr. Ward an injustice by attributing to him a statement which he denies having made, and we therefore gladly give publicity to his disclaimer.

E. A. D. (London).—You mustn't always take us seriously. We *must* have our little joke.

T. B. (Sidcup).—It is difficult to form an opinion without hearing all the evidence, but it is just like Justice Grantham to let one motorist off after killing a person, and to fine another £60 for trying to bribe a policeman!

H. E. W. (Chester).—We will deal with that clerical "call," and shall be glad of particulars of the case you mention. We are keeping an eye on the Bishop of St. Asaph.

A READER (Norwich) sends us a copy of a circular of which a parcel was sent by the local Tories to the Head Master of the Council School for distribution amongst the children. It is headed, "Your coal has cost you more," and is all about the wickedness of the Radicals in repealing the Export Coal Tax. Just suited for juvenile readers.

C. McC. (Streatham) writes assuring "Prometheus" that he need have no hesitation in paying his 10s. to the London and Continental Agency, 59-61, New Oxford Street, as within a fortnight of registering his name with them he secured a first-class commercial position through their introduction.

L. E. V. (Gateshead).—Sorry, but you have *not* a successful number.

T. R. (Leeds) sends us a leading article from the *Yorkshire Post* about the Public Trustee. We quote this gem:—"From being a high official in bankruptcy, he transferred his allegiance to a large brewery company, and has endeavoured—with possibly as near an approach to success as the circumstances permitted—to restore its fallen fortunes." This is quite fine journalese for saying that having had to write down the ordinary stock, and the shares having steadily fallen under his *régime*, and re-construction having become inevitable, Mr. Stewart, by social influence, was smuggled into a new berth.

A. H. H. (Hinckley) takes up the cudgels on behalf of "Excise officers bent on promotion," to whom we recently referred apropos the Hawkers Act. He points out that since 1888, the liability of persons visiting exhibitions, &c., with their wares has been made quite clear, and that the officers are only carrying out the Act. We quite agree; but, all the same, it is very ridiculous that exhibitors should have to give references as to character just as though they were street hawkers. Still, that is not the fault of the officers.

The *Western Morning News*, in its "London Letter," says that Mr. C. J. Stewart is "the ideal man for the office of Public Trustee." That letter writer evidently knows something.

"DEAR ME!" (Southampton).—Thanks for calling attention to the obvious slips in our Sporting article. We must keep a sharper eye on "Larry's" page.

T. E. H. (Liverpool).—See last sentence of answer to C. J. L. (Beenham).

THE CHIEF CONSTABLE OF ST. HELENS writes to correct our recent award of a biscuit to the St. Helens police. He informs us that the proceedings which prompted us related to certain motor prosecutions instituted by the Lancashire County police, three miles from St. Helens, and he is naturally desirous of protecting his force from an undeserved slur. We have the utmost pleasure in making the *amende honorable*.

E. G. W. (South Hackney) asks whether we are right in attributing the quotation "Tough—and de-vlish sly" to Dickens. He thinks it is to be found in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." The Dickens he does! It comes from Joey Bagshot in "Dombey and Son."

W. H. S. (Aldershot).—We understand that the pamphlet in question is out of print, and that your P.O. has been returned. At any rate, you were unduly anxious.

LIPTON'S

Tea Merchants.

GOLD MEDAL, JAMESTOWN, 1907. GOLD MEDAL, BERLIN, 1907.

By Special Appointment.

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS. NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

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CHIEF OFFICES:

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

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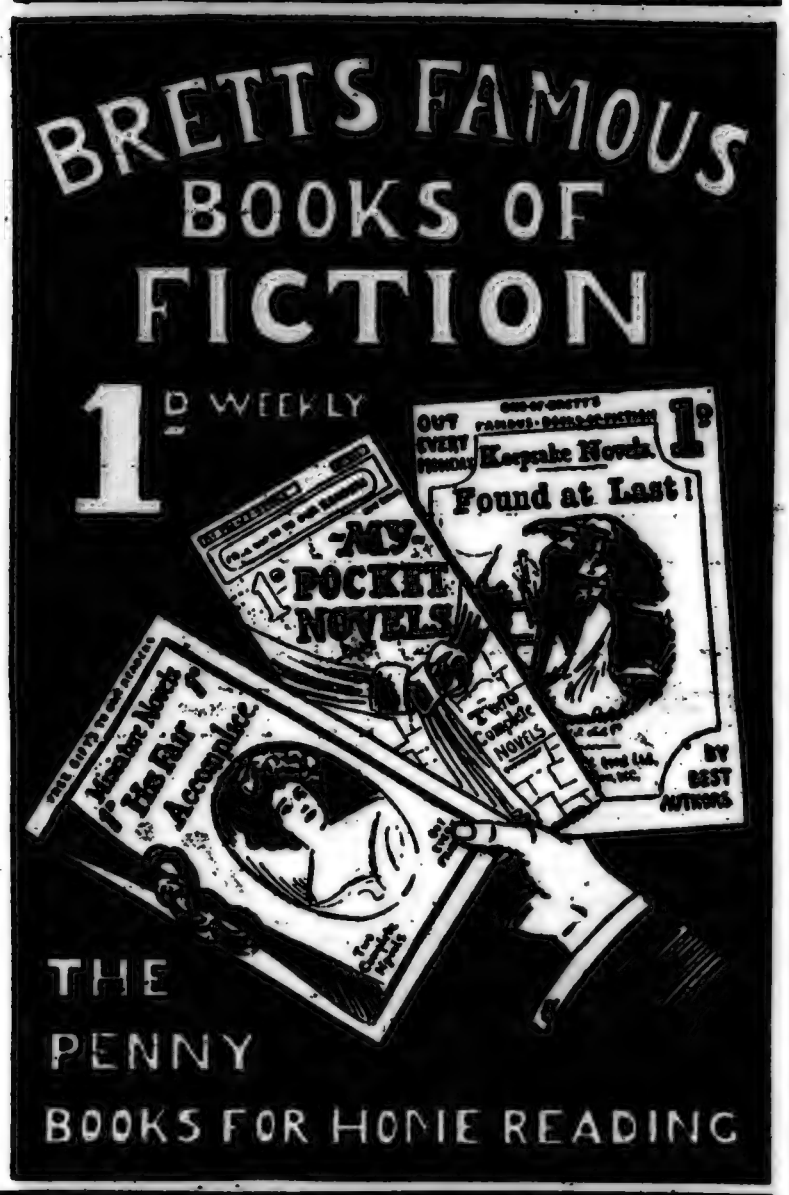
THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

HAIR GROWS
with unusual strength and of beautiful soft, silky texture, free from Dandruff and Scurf when using
JAVOL
THE ELITE of HAIR TONICS
In Flacks, 5/6, 2/- and 3/-
JAVOL SHAMPOO, 2d., and 1/- (Box of 5.)
Bottles bearer to a 2/- flask of JAVOL for trial at 1/- on presentation to any Chemist—failing him, send P.O. 1/- direct.
JAVOL Co., 25, Budge Row, London, E.C.



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£100 TO £10,000
LENT PRIVATELY
on approved note of hand, without security.
FIELDINGS
18, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.
For any period in Town or Country. Repayments as mutually agreed upon. No fees or bills of sale, and strictest privacy.
Advances on 2nd mortgages. Bills discounted.

FREE PAMPHLET No. 27.
describing scheme for providing professional business men with an income of £2 to £15 per week during incapacity by any kind of sickness or accident, with *guaranteed* return of all contributions. Send name and address to—
HENRY BROWN, 18, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?
If so, What is your Number?
SEE PAGE 29.

G. C. (Canterbury).—We won't waste any space over Lady Mitchell and her effort to deprive the workhouse inmates of their Christmas beer—especially as her proposal was ignominiously kicked out by the Guardians.

C. J. C. (Norwood).—We agree that the Church Army Pamphlet is a cruel and wicked libel upon the memory of the late Charles Bradlaugh; but every day now adds to the honour of his name. He was a great man—a quarter of a century before his time.

E. E. S. (Leamington).—Hang the Vicar of Leamington! We have no patience with him, or his like; whilst, as to the Chief Constable, he and the Vicar ought to be driven round the town in double harness.

C. J. L. (Beenham).—Thanks. We are glad to think our recent letter to the Vicar of Basingstoke has struck the right key. We do not know where yo can get "an unbiassed copy of the Small Holdings and Allotments Act in sensible, understan able King's English." Of course, both political parties publish "explanations." Perhaps some other reader can oblige. We have no further space for Limerick frauds at present.

V. F. (Croydon).—Extraordinary. We will see what we can do.

"SOULFUL SAM" sends us the following beautiful lines:

There was a young man of Boldmere,
Cried, "Good gracious! Why Christmas is here.
I dare not shout out
That my suit's up the spout,
And at Christmas fig-leaves are so dear."

G. W. E. (Portsmouth) sends particulars of the Ebor Portrait Co. (53, King Street, London, N.W.). He says their plan is to send round canvassers to ask for photographs to be copied "free of charge." But when the time comes they demand 14s. 6d. or more for a frame. This is an old trick.

W. H. (Malvern).—Yes, our circulation is always increasing, even in Malvern.

D. B. G. (Belfast).—We believe that paper has already had a biscuit.

P. M. F. wants a biscuit for the *Richmond and Twickenham Times* for saying that a shooting accident deprived a man "of the loss of his sight." We should call this silly rather than funny.

B. H. M. (near Rotherham) says it would be useless to drown Jim Crow, for he would not sink. He also encloses a dog biscuit, which we soaked in port wine for Jim's Christmas dinner.

W. G. B. (Clapham).—It is difficult to see how a box could be both small and massive.

Miss M. E. (Old Kent Road) sends particulars of Blake's (Lamb's Conduit Street), who are conducting business somewhat on the lines of the London and Premium Tea Co.

A large number of correspondents have replied to the inquiry of D. M. S. (Tufnell Park) about Messrs. Seymour and Graham. F. D. C. (Royal Colonial Institute) has always found them "straightforward, courteous, and obliging." B. A. S. (Holland Park) "cannot speak too highly of" them. L. D. (Kingsnorth) also speaks highly of them and says they have found her paying guests. Mrs. R. (Herne Hill) "has no hesitation in recommending" them for the same reason. J. A. S. has found them satisfactory during ten years. Dr. G. V. M. (Hyde Park) has had the same experience during five or six years. M. S. (Kensington), F. S. (Hyde Park), W. T. T. (Hyde Park), F. H. V. (Princes' Square), F. F. B. (Highbury), H. C. (Bayswater), M. J. L., J. W. F. (Earlsfield Road), E. T. (Brixton), A. C. (Putney), and Mrs. R. (Belsize Park) all speak highly of the firm. But A. J. T. (Tufnell Park) says a friend of his paid a fee of 5s. for the promise of a pupil who was never obtained. M. E. D. (Clapham Common) answered an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* requiring a home for a child. In reply she received a circular from Seymour and Graham, and paid a fee of 2s. 6d. Nothing was done for her, but the advertisement still appears. We conclude that they are more successful in providing landladies with lodgers than in their other efforts.

J. H. (London, N.E.).—Perhaps he took it as a souvenir.

"TOZAFE" (Gunnersbury) says that, as there were five queens recently at Windsor, one of them must have been a joker. Which one? Jim never heard of either of those drinks and cannot understand how a devil could be Chile. Replying to "Morculipennis," "Tozafe" says that "when a mosquito sticks his nose (Welsh for proboscis) into you, you feel stung;" also that the reading-room at the British Museum is again open. Hurrah! We are sorry about the fire "at Damage's" and hope there was no great Gamage.

J. R. B. (Islington) complains of the International Labour Bureau (A. W. Brown and Co.), of 43, Grafton Street, W. It certainly sounds very bad.

A. M. (Brixton).—We have extracted a Bull's Eye out of your par. Thanks.

G. L. (Camden Town).—Try again.

G. S. P. (Cape Town) gives an account of a dastardly outrage in his neighbourhood. It appears that some person threw down what is known in railway circles as a Jim Crow—a heavy iron bar used for prising rails—across the line. Evidently Jim has as many characters as Proteus.

L. C. H. (Ilford).—As you say you are "only a woman" we forgive you.

F. (Leicester).—You are very kind to us!

E. A. R. (London).—Thanks also for cutting from Christ Church Parish Magazine. What a lot of them there are! And what piffle! We note that out of a total offering of £57, a sovereign was apportioned to the poor and £10 to the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund. We also observe that the Vicar calls them "poor dears," and that he married a wealthy brewer's widow and comes to church in a carriage or a motor. Ah, us!

F. H. C. (Thornton Heath).—See answer to G. L.

D. O'K. (Wandsworth) calls our attention to a subscription to *Reynolds's* Sandwichmen's Fund "In Memory," and wonders whether the donor had read our recent paragraph about memoriam advertisements, where we suggested that the money could be better spent.

C. H. M. (Bournemouth).—We sit corrected.

"DIK TATE" (Gateshead).—Of course we love to hear from you. But don't you exaggerate the importance of *Answers?* We are sorry to hear that the young lady has been had, but we are not in favour of "love-buttons," whatever they may be.

H. McC. (Dublin).—Thanks for letter. We agree with much that you say, but we must not be greedy, and want the field all to ourselves.

R. H. H. (Plymouth) and J. L. H. (Truro).—We had already seen and dealt with the opinion of the "London Letter" writer of the *Western Morning News* to the effect that Mr. Stewart is an "ideal" man for the office of Public Trustee. We are sending the gentleman a copy of our issue of the 4th.

L. M. R. (York).—Send us the name of the paper which published your name as a prize-winner, and did not forward your money, and we will wake them up.

R. A. (Chiswick).—Thanks for cutting from the *Grocer*. Of course, all these signature-snatching firms are more or less related to each other.

W. McR. (Auchterarder).—Sorry none of our guineas have found their way to Scotland lately. We will whisper a word to the wheel. No biscuits for printers' errors.

J. H. (Glasgow).—We do not award biscuits for mere printers' errors; consequently we do not appreciate your point as to the injustice to the "case" hands.

W. H. P. (Eastbourne).—We left it entirely to our readers to determine which of the competitors had best complied with the conditions of our Limerick Competition.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—XVI.

A lady writes to us as follows:—

"I venture to send this specimen of a very human document. The man when in full work earns 15s. a week, rent is 2s. 11d., and there are six children."

The letter referred to is as below:—

"Mrs. J. SPENDLEY,
"High Street, Boughton.

"Dear Mrs. Smith just a few lines to you hoping you had a merry christmas as I am sory to say ous was very dull and wish you a happy new year for I must tell you that my husband has not done much work I ran a debt with him being out of work and they are going to take him for 14 days I dont now what to do I am very nere silly so do dear Mrs. Smith if you could help me in any way I should begradly oblige and I will return it when I start work hoping to here from you soon your turly Mrs. Spendley."

SHAMS.

Our attention has been directed to an advertisement appearing in the *News of the World*. It is headed, in large type, "SIXPENCE WEEKLY," and it professes to offer a "Set of Russian furs, rich, real, Russian Sable," all for 12s. 6d. The sables will be "sent on receipt of 1s. deposit and last payment, 23 weeks at 6d., making 12s. 6d., cash price 11s. 6d." Ninety-nine people out of a hundred reading this would assume that the sables would be sent on receipt of the 1s., whereas they would not be sent until another 23 weeks' payments of 6d. weekly had been made. Of course, the idea of getting a set of "real Russian Sables" for 12s. 6d. is ridiculous, but the advertisement is addressed to people who do not reason closely, and is essentially misleading, not to use a harsher term. The person who advertises these sables signs himself "Emanuel, N.W. Department, 31, Clapham Road, London." This man is a very notorious person in the advertising world. He advertises his "Clearance Sale," "Pawnbrokers' Emporium," and "Bankruptcy Association," established 1860, and offers "real furs," "table cutlery," and "magnificent" jewellery for a tithe of its original value. "N.W. Department" in the advertisement indicates that the fly who walks into the net is a reader of the *News of the World*.

MILNE, SON & HAMILTON,
Stock, Share and Debenture Dealers,
SWAN CHAMBERS,
GREAT SWAN ALLEY, LONDON, E.C.
Branch Office: OCEAN CHAMBERS,
WATERLOO STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
Telegrams: "Hilliton, London." Telephone No.: 223 Central.
THE ART OF INVESTMENT
SHOWING HOW TO OPERATE IN STOCKS AND SHARES AND TERMS FOR OPENING AN ACCOUNT,
Forwarded Gratis and Post Free on application.

THE THRONE.
The High-Class 6d. Society Weekly.
Under Entirely New Direction.
With the New Year a Series of Thrilling Stories commenced dealing with
SERVICE LIFE IN MALTA,
which will prove of profound interest to the Navy and Army. They are written by a lady whose husband filled a high position in Malta for many years.
At all Principal Bookstalls or Head Office,
CARLTON HOUSE, LOWER REGENT STREET.

WATCHES
We hold the London Stock of Watches in the World, and we send Free our Large Catalogue of all makes of GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, ALBERTS, RINGS, GERMAN JEWELLERY, and superior goods for PRESENTS. This book puts you in the best market, and explains our Easy Terms and Substantial Discount for Cash. Illustrations Sterling.
ASK FOR CATALOGUE B.
J. G. GRAVES, Limited, SHEFFIELD.

CHARING CROSS BANK.
(Established 1870.)
28, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and 39, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.
Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.
Assets, £1,697,962. Liabilities, £1,522,571. Surplus, £171,372.
LOANS of £50 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.
Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People*," *and* "*Magpie*" *of* "*The Globe*.")

It Hides the Identity.

Mr. "Mask" is truly a neat *nom de course*.

Except Just One or Two.

Our amateur jockeys are absolutely beyond all handicap

How Few?

How many of us simply cannot "look on" at racing!

We Know.

In racing there are certainly more *oughts* than actual victories.

Not Upholding His Purchase Price.

Flying Fox is only fifth among the winning sires in France.

His Old Sport.

Gilpin, the trainer, intends to run two or three jumpers of his own this winter.

A Fillies' Year.

The two-year-old fillies last season were certainly, collectively, better than the colts.

A Notable Omission.

The crack Irish two-year-old, Temeraire, a grey, is not in the Derby or similar races here next season.

Trained by Robinson.

The famous Foxhill stable will not entirely eschew steeplechasing this winter, for Robinson will have charge of two horses—both long-distance cross-country performers.

The Reason They Don't.

Trainers of flat racers object to have jumpers also unless having plenty of spare downs, so as not to cut up their gallops during the winter, and spoil their suitability for the flat racers again next spring.

Have You Heard?

There has just been settled and withdrawn on the eve of trial a notorious Turf case which, in its sensation, would almost have equalled the Goudie Trial. It concerned Cardiff folk and was "hot" as coals.

Lambourn's Mainstay.

Hallick, the trainer, has recently moved into Hobbs' old place, Burnaby House, Lambourn, which he bought. It has been made the home of his numerous jockeys and apprentices, the trainer himself continuing in his present residence, Waltham House.

A Gigantic Breed.

Wise Mason is unquestionably the biggest horse that the public see on racecourses, and yet his owner, Mr. Stedall, has others equally big and lumbering among some now three-year-olds. Wise Mason stands just over 17 hands, and all Freemason's stock are unusually huge.

New Blood.

With the turn of the year we shall look forward to seeing a few good recruits to jumping and among those who will carry silk in the richer Stakes of this and next month will be Woolley, Crescent, Retort, Avarice, O'Cullen, D'Orsay (Polar Star's conqueror), and the Lincoln Handicap tip, Longcroft.

Their Niggard Policy.

The idea of *some* race executives is that when a journalist is away on holiday he may leave his work (which advertises them), but not his pass (which admits the writer), to a legitimate deputy. Whatever name it bears (by reason of the writer being known), the ticket is clearly for the *bonâ fide* representative of the paper.

Wants a Retainer.

Rollason, the steeplechase jockey, has been making trips to Holland of late. He has crossed over six times, and won on each occasion. He is a fine little horseman, who should get more riding here than he does, and is open to engagement, having severed connection with Hallick's stable, for whom he rode several splendid finishes. But with Dunn, Templeton, Dainty, and others there is not scope now for Rollason also, although the boy is a fine horseman and a little gentleman in manner.

An Anomaly.

We are now well in what is termed the "slack" time, and yet there are no fewer than 172 steeplechase meetings held during the season, which began formally and uninterruptedly at the very end of November. These meetings comprise 213 days' racing until the close of jumping, or 154 days up to the odd afternoon of Sandown in April, which nominally concludes the sport—anyhow, as far as concerns the general interest. During December there were no fewer than 39 days' sport—some meetings, of course, clashing.

'Chasing Dangers.

The steeplechase season has begun with dire mishap to jockeys, whose ranks—as far as the experienced hands go—are becoming horribly thinned. Poor Arthur Birch will never ride again; while on the very eve of the season Hartigan's new jockey, Smythe, was badly injured; Murphy broke his collar-bone at Warwick, where Walsh was also seriously incapacitated, and no sooner better than he broke his leg. Freemantle has not overcome his bad smash at Plymouth, from which he has lost the sight of one eye.

Another Newcomer.

Another recruit to our steeplechase jockeys' ranks, besides young East, comes in the erstwhile lightweight, C. Hawkins, who served his indentures with Major Edwards. Hawkins is just home again from Holland, where I obtained him a retainer to ride during the last season there for Mr. Kattendyke. The boy is open to receive a retainer here this winter, or would accept any reasonable "rides." "Dad" will have to buy him something better than Fair Future or Marcha Real to win on, but he is now riding for Hartigan.

My New Phase.

Sporting journalism is engrossing enough without one's desiring the further responsibility of proprietorship, but force of circumstances compel my becoming the sole owner of the high-class weekly society issue *The Throne*—the property passing into my hands through the Courts, as the sole debenture-holder. I am therefore continuing its publication, feeling assured that so good class a paper, having already an extraordinary aristocratic clientele, must prosper if run upon straightforward business lines, and improved in its production. Many of my readers know or read the issue; if not, they can give me appreciated assistance by becoming subscribers. The paper henceforward—while maintaining its standard and especial character—will be made of more general interest. On the sporting side I shall contribute a page couched in the peculiar style applicable to the paper, while there will be special hunting notes by famous experts (among them Frank Goodall, the popular huntsman). The golf page will be in the hands of such champions as Mr. S. H. Fry and the present lady amateur champion, Miss May Hezlet. Without enumerating the numerous new features to be introduced, I am certain that every grade of reader will be attracted and amply satisfied by becoming—like all good sportsmen—loyal to *The Throne*.

Of the Moment.

A truly "close" time—nothing to talk about and nothing to wager upon, which is mayhap all for the best, for everything can be overdone, particularly such National Hunt sport as we have been provided with of recent days. The exception certainly was Hurst Park, which although giving really interesting racing, did not appeal sufficiently to the public to attract a commensurate attendance. Or is it that our sportsmen are now too effeminate to face inclement or cold weather? Evidence that everything does not go "all one way" for too long a period came with the arrest of Hartigan's luck, their fancied candidates going down—usually being second in lieu of, as hitherto this season, in the position that bookmakers "pay out over."

In contrast Mr. C. R. Hodgson—one of the "very best" at the winter game—did raise a couple of flags, and as this splendid sportsman bets to money, it means something to him whether Do Be Quick puts in a performance such as she now did—or is beaten when conceding weight and hampered by the concomitant surroundings such as heavy going. Another who has had a long dose of ill-fate at jumping is Wootton, got two "bull's-eyes" home on the one afternoon, his young horses, especially Collarmaker, being useful, although their neophyte jockey put many off through his early "performances," particularly on Mr. H. J. Hall's little horse at Kempton. Collarmaker, sound and game as he is, must surely be about the smallest hurdle jumper in training.

Prophetic.

If the elements will allow it we shall get to business this week and at Windsor among a very poor lot I do think that SANDBOY—who is for sale—has a chance in the Eton Handicap, for he is useful. On the Saturday I somewhat fear Canary II., despite his small penalty, although the raising of the weights must be against the little horse who is now carrying 12 st. 4 lb. Assuming that she is not thrown back too much in condition, through the respite

IRISH WISDOM

will about win the Castle Steeplechase.

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